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FRÄULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER.¹

BEING THE LETTERS OF AN INDEPENDENT WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
'ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.'

XLVIII.

Galgenberg, Oct. 8th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—We are very happy here just now because Papa's new book, at which he has been working two years, is finished. I am copying it out, and until that is done we shall indulge in the pleasantest day-dreams. It is our time, this interval between the finishing of a book of his and its offer to a publisher, for being riotously happy. We build the most outrageous castles in the air. Nothing is certain, and everything is possible. The pains of composition are over, and the pains of rejection are not begun. Each time we suppose they never will, and that at last ears will be found respectfully ready to absorb his views. Few and far between have the ears been till now. His books have fallen as flat as books can fall. Nobody wanted to hear all, or even half, that he could tell them about Goethe. Jena shrugged its shoulders, the larger world was blank. The books have brought us no fame, no money, some tragic hours, but much interest and amusement. Always tragic hours have come when Papa clutched at his hair and raved rude things about the German public; and when the money didn't appear there have been uncomfortable moments. But these pass; Papa leaves his hair alone; and the balance remains on the side of nice things. We don't really want any more money,

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and Papa is kept busy and happy, and just to see him so eager, so full of his work, seems to warm the house with pleasant sunshine. Once, for one book, a cheque did come; and when we all rushed to look we found it was for two marks and thirty pfennings—'being the amount due,' said the accompanying stony letter, 'on royalties for the first year of publication.' Papa thought this much worse than no cheque at all, and took it round to the publisher in the molten frame of mind of one who has been insulted. The publisher put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, leaned back in his chair, gazed with refreshing coolness at Papa who was very hot, and said that as trade went it was quite a good cheque and that he had sent one that very morning to another author—a Jena celebrity who employs his leisure writing books about the Universe—for ninety pfennings.

Papa came home beaming with the delicious feeling that money was flowing in and that he was having a boom. The universe man was a contemptuous acquaintance who had been heard to speak lightly of Papa's books. Papa felt all the sweetness of success, of triumph over a disagreeable rival; and since then we have looked upon that special book as his *opus magnum*.

While I copy he comes in and out to ask me where I have got to and if I like it. I assure him that I think it delightful, and so honestly I do in a way, but I don't think it will be the public's way. It begins by telling the reader, presumably a person in search of information about Goethe, that Jena is a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, of whom nineteen thousand are apparently professors. The town certainly does give you that impression as you walk about its little streets and at every corner meet the same battered-looking persons in black you met at the corner before, but what has that to do with Goethe? And the pages that follow have nothing to do with him either that I can see, being a disquisition on the origin and evolution of the felt hats the professors wear—dingy, slouchy things—winding up with an explanation of their symbolism and inevitableness, based on a carefully drawn parallel between them and the kind of brains they have to cover. From this point, the point of the head-wear of the learned in our present year, he has to work back all the way to Goethe in Jena a century ago. It takes him several chapters to get back, for he doesn't go straight, being constitutionally unable to resist turning aside down the green lanes of moralising that branch so seductively off the main road and lead him at last very far afield; and when he does arrive he is rather breathless, and flutters

for some time round the impassive giant waiting to be described, jerking out little anecdotes, very pleasant little anecdotes, but quite unconnected with his patient subject, before he has got his wind and can begin.

He is rosy with hope about this book. 'All Jena will read it,' he says, 'because they will like to hear about themselves'—I wonder if they will—and all Germany will read it because it will like to hear about Goethe.'

'It has heard a good deal about him already, you know Papachen,' I say, trying gently to suggest certain possibilities.

'England might like to have it. There has been nothing since that man Lewes, and never anything really thorough. A good translation, Rose-Marie—what do you think of that as an agreeable task for you during the approaching winter evenings? It is a matter worthy of consideration. You will like a share in the work, a finger in the literary pie, will you not?'

'Of course I would. But let me copy now, darling. I'm not half through.'

He says that if those blind and prejudiced persons publishers won't risk bringing it out he'll bring it out at his own expense sooner than prevent the world's rightly knowing what Goethe said and did in Jena; so there's a serious eventuality ahead of us! We really will have to live on lettuces, and in grimmest earnest this time. I hope he won't want to keep race-horses next. Well, one thing has happened that will go a little way towards meeting new expenses—I go down every day now and read English with Vicki, at the desire of her mother, for two hours, her mother having come to the conclusion that it is better to legalise, as it were, my relations with Vicki, who flatly refused to keep away from us. So I am a breadwinner, and can do something to help Papa. It is true I can't help much, for what I earn is fifty pfennings each time, and as the reading of English on Sundays is not considered nice I can only altogether make three marks a week. But it is something, and it is easily earned, and last Sunday, which was the end of my first week, I bought the whole of the Sunday food with it, dinner and supper for us, and beer for Johanna's lover, who says he cannot love her unless the beer is a particular sort and has been kept for a fortnight properly cold in the coal-hole.

Since I have read with Vicki Frau von Lindeberg is quite different. She is courteous with the careful courtesy decent people show their dependents; kindly; even gracious at times. She is

present at the reading, darning socks and ancient sheets with her carefully kept fingers, and she treats me absolutely as though I were attached to her household as governess. She is no longer afraid we will want to be equals. She asks me quite often after the health of him she calls my good father. And when a cousin of hers came last week to stay a night, a female Dammerlitz on her way to a place where you drink waters and get rid of yourself, she presented me to her with pleasant condescension as the *kleine Engländerin* engaged as her daughter's companion. '*Eine recht liebe Hausgenossin*,' she was pleased to add, gently nodding her head at each word; and the cousin went away convinced I was a resident official and that the tales she had heard about the Lindebergs' poverty couldn't be true.

'It's not scriptural,' I complained to Vicki, stirred to honest indignation.

'You mean, to say things not quite—not quite?' said Vicki.

'Such big ones,' I fumed. 'I'm not little. I'm not English. I'm not a *Hausgenossin*. Why such unnecessary ones?'

'Now, Rose-Marie, you do know why Mamma said "little."'

'It's a term of condescension?'

'And *Engländerins* are rather grand things to have in the house, you know—expensive, I mean. Always dearer than natives. Mamma only wants Cousin Mienchen to suppose we are well off.'

'Oh,' said I.

'You don't mind?' said Vicki, rather timidly taking my hand.

'It doesn't hurt me,' said I, putting a little stress on the 'me,' a stress implying infinite possible hurt to Frau von Lindeberg's soul.

'It is horrid,' murmured Vicki, her head drooping over her book. 'I wish we didn't always pretend we're not poor. We are. Poor as mice. And it makes us so sensitive about it, so afraid of anything's being noticed. We spend our lives on tenterhooks—not nice things at all to spend one's life on.'

'Wriggly, uncomfortable things,' I agreed.

'I believe Cousin Mienchen isn't in the least taken in, for all our pains.'

'I don't believe people ever are,' said I; and we drifted into a consideration of the probable height of our temperatures and colour of our ears if we could know how much the world we pose to really knows about us, if we could hear with what thoroughness those of our doings and even of our thoughts that we believed so secret are discussed.

Frau von Lindeberg wasn't there, being too busy arranging

comforts for her cousin's journey to preside, and so it was that we drifted unhindered from Milton into the foggier regions of private wisdom. We are neither of us wise, but it is surprising how talking to a friend, even to a friend as unwise as yourself, clears up your brains and lets in new light. That is one of the reasons why I like writing to you and getting your letters; only you mustn't be offended at my bracketing you, you splendid young man, with poor Vicki and poor myself in the class Unwise. Heaven knows I mean nothing to do with book-learning, in which, I am aware, you most beautifully excel.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

XLIX.

Galgenberg, Oct. 9th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—I am very sorry indeed to hear that your engagement is broken off. I feared something of the sort was going to happen because of all the things you nearly said and didn't in your letters lately. Are you very much troubled and worried? Please let me turn into the elder sister for a little again and give you the small relief of having an attentive listener. It seems to have been rather an unsatisfactory time for you all along. I don't really quite know what to say. I am anyhow most sincerely sorry, but I find it extraordinarily difficult to talk about Miss Cheriton. It is of course lamentable that our writing to each other should have been, as you say it was, so often the cause of quarrels. You never told me so, or I would at once have stopped. You fill several pages with surprise that a girl of twenty-two can be so different from what she appears, that so soft and tender an outside can have beneath it such unfathomable depths of hardness. I think you have probably gone to the other extreme now, and because you admired so much are all the more violently critical. It is probable that Miss Cheriton is all that you first thought her, unusually charming and sympathetic and lovable, and your characters simply didn't suit each other. Don't think too unkindly in your first anger. I am so very sorry: sorry for you, who must feel as if your life had been convulsed by an earthquake, and all its familiar features disarranged; sorry for your father's disappointment; sorry for Miss Cheriton, who must have been wretched. But how infinitely wiser to draw back in time and not, for want of courage, drift on into that supreme catastrophe—marriage. You mustn't suppose me cynical in calling it a catastrophe—perhaps

I mean it only in its harmless sense of *dénouement* ; and if I don't I can't see that it is cynical to recognise a spade when you see it as certainly a spade. But do not let yourself go to bitterness, and so turn into a cynic yourself. You say Miss Cheriton apparently prefers a duke, and are very angry. But why if, as you declare, you have not really loved her for months past, are you angry ? Why should she not prefer a duke ? Perhaps he is quite a nice one, and you may be certain she felt at once, the very instant, when you left off caring for her. About such things it is as difficult for a woman to be mistaken as it is for a barometer to be hoodwinked in matters meteorologic. It was that, and never the duke, that first influenced her. I am as sure of it as if I could see into her heart. Of course she loved you. But no girl with a spark of decency would cling on to a reluctant lover. What an exceedingly poor thing in girls she would be who did. I can't tell you how much ashamed I am of that sort of girl, the girl who clings, who follows, who laments—as if the world, the splendid, amazing world, were empty of everything but one single man, and there were no sun shining, no birds singing, no winds blowing, no hills to climb, no trees to sit under, no books to read, no friends to be with, no work to do, no heaven to go to. I feel now for the first time that I would like to know Miss Cheriton. But it is really almost impossibly difficult to write this letter ; each thing I say seems something I had better not have said. Write to me about your troubles as often as you feel it helps you, and believe that I do most heartily sympathise with you both, but don't mind, and forgive me, if my answers are not satisfactory. I am unpractised and ill at ease, clumsy, limited, in this matter of frank writing about feelings, a matter in which you so far surpass me. But I am always most sincerely your friend

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

L.

Galgenberg, Oct. 15th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—It's not much use for the absent to send bland advice, to exhort to peace and a putting aside of anger, when they have only general principles to go on. You know more about Miss Cheriton than I do, and I am obliged to believe you when you tell me you have every reason to be bitter. But I can make few comments. My mouth is practically shut. Only, as you told me you long ago left off caring for her, the smart you are feeling now must be, it seems to me, simply the smart of wounded vanity,

and for that I'm afraid I have no soothing lotion ready. Also I am bound to say that I think she was quite right to give you up once she was sure you no longer loved her. I am all for giving up, for getting rid of things grown rotten before it is too late, and the one less bright spot I see on her otherwise correct conduct is that she did not do it sooner. Don't think me hard, dear friend. If I were your mother I would blindly yearn over my boy. As it is, you must forgive my unfortunate trick of seeing plainly. I wish things would look more adorned to me, less palpably obvious and ungarnished. These tiresome eyes of mine have often made me angry. I would so much like to sympathise wholly with you now, to be able to be indignant with Miss Cheriton, call her a minx, say she is heartless, be ready with all sorts of healing balms and syrups for you, poor boy in the clutches of a cruel annoyance. But I can't. If you could love her again and make it up, that indeed would be a happy thing. As it is—and your letter sets all hopes of the sort aside once and for ever—you have had an escape; for if she had not given you up I don't suppose you would have given her up—I don't suppose that is a thing one often does. You would have married her, and then heaven knows what would have become of your unfortunate soul.

After all, you need not have told me you had left off loving her. I knew it. I knew it at the time. I knew it within a week of when it happened. And I have always hoped—I cannot tell you how sincerely—that it was only a mood, and that you would go back to her again and be happy.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

LI.

Galgenberg, Oct. 22nd.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—This is a world, it seems to me, where everybody spends their time falling out of love and making their relations uncomfortable. I have only two friends, the rest of my friends being acquaintances, and both have done it or had it done to them. Is it, then, to be wondered at that I should argue that if it happens to both my friends in a set where there are only two, the entire world must be divided into those who give up and those who are given up, with a Greek chorus of lamenting and explanatory relatives as a finish? Really one might think that love, and its caprices, and its tantrums—you see I'm in my shrewish mood—

makes up the whole of life. Here's Vicki groaning in the throes of a relapse because someone has written that she met her late lover at a party and that he ate only soup—here she is overcome by this picture which she translates as a hankering in spite of everything after her, and wanting to write to him, and ready to console him, and crying her eyes all red again, and no longer taking the remotest interest in *Comus* or in those frequent addresses of mine to her on Homely Subjects to which up to yesterday she listened with such flattering respect; and here are you writing me the most melancholy letters, longer and drearier than any letters ever were before, filled with yearnings after something that certainly is not Miss Cheriton—but beyond that certainty I can make out nothing. It is a strange and wonderful world. I stand bewildered with you on one side and Vicki on the other, and fling exhortations at you in turn. I try scolding, to brace you, but neither of you will be braced. I try sympathy, to soothe you, but neither of you will be soothed. What am I to do? May I laugh? Will that give too deep offence? I'm afraid I did laugh over your father's cable from America when the news of your broken engagement reached him. You ask me what I think of a father who just cables 'Fool' to his son at a moment when his son is being horribly worried. Well, you must consider that cabling is expensive, and he didn't care to put more than one word, and if there had been two it might have made you still angrier. But seriously, I do see that it must have annoyed you, and I soon left off being so unkind as to laugh. It is odd how much older I feel than either of you lamenters; quite old, and quite settled, and so objective somehow. I hope being objective doesn't make one unsympathetic, but I expect it really rather tends that way; and yet if it were so, and I were as hard and husky as I sometimes dimly fear I may be growing, would you and Vicki want to tell me your sorrows? And other people do too. Think of it, Papa Lindeberg, hitherto a long narrow person buttoned up silently in black, mysterious simply because he held his tongue, a reader of rabid Conservative papers through black-rimmed glasses, and as numb in the fingers as Wordsworth when he shakes my respectful hand, has begun to unbend, to unfold, to expand like those Japanese dried flowers you fling into water; and having started with good mornings and weather-comments and politics, and from them proceeded to the satisfactorily confused state of the British army, has gone on imperceptibly but surely to confidential criticisms of the mistakes made here at head-quarters in invariably shelving the best officers at the very moment when

they have arrived at what he describes as their prime, and has now reached the stage when he comes up through the orchard every morning at the hour I am due for my lesson to help me over the fence. He comes up with much stateliness and deliberation, but he does come up ; and we walk down together, and every day the volume of his confidences increases and he more and more minutely describes his grievances. I listen and nod my head, which is easy and apparently all he wants. His wife stops him at once, if he begins to her, by telling him with as much roundness as is consistent with being born a Dammerlitz that the calamities that have overtaken them are entirely his fault. Why was he not as clever as those subordinates who were put over his head ? she asks with dangerous tranquillity ; and nobody can answer a question like that.

'It makes me twenty years younger,' he said yesterday as he handed me over the fence with the same politeness I have seen in the manner of old men handing large dowagers to their places in a set of quadrilles, 'to see your cheerful morning face.'

'If you had said "shining morning face" you'd have been quoting Shakespeare,' said I.

'Ah yes. I fear my Shakespeare days are done. I am now at the time of life when serious and practical considerations take up the entire attention of a man. Shakespeare is more suitable now for my daughter than for me.'

'But clever men do read him.'

'Ah yes.'

'Quite grown-up ones do.'

'Ah yes.'

'With beards.'

'Ah yes.'

'Real men.'

'Ah yes, yes. Professors. Theatre people. People of no family. People who have no serious responsibilities on their shoulders. People of the pen, not men of the sword. But officers—and who in our country of the well-born is not, was not, or will not be an officer ?—have no time for general literature. Of course,' he added with a slight bow, for he regards me as personally responsible for everybody and everything English—'we have all heard of him.'

'Indeed ?' said I.

'When I was a boy,' he said this morning, 'I read at school of a young woman—a mythological person—called Hebe.'

'She was the daughter of Juno and wild lettuce,' said I.

'It may be,' he said. 'The parentages of the mythological period are curiously intricate. But why is it, dear Fräulein Schmidt, that though I can recollect nothing of her but her name, whenever I see you, you remind of me her?'

Now was not that very pleasant? Hebe, the restorer of youth to gods and men; Hebe, the vigorous and wholesome. Thoreau says she was probably the only thoroughly sound-conditioned and robust young lady that ever walked the globe, and that whenever she came it was spring. No wonder I was pleased.

'Perhaps it's because I'm healthy,' said I.

'Is that it?' he said, obviously fumbling about in his brain for the reason. And when he got to the house he displayed the results of his fumbling by saying, 'But many people are healthy.'

'Yes,' said I; and left him to think it out alone.

So now there are two nice young women I've been compared to—you once said I was like Nausicaa, and here a year later, a year in which various rather salt and stinging waves have gone over my head, is somebody comparing me to Hebe. Evidently the waves did me no harm. It is true on the other hand that Papa Lindeberg is short-sighted. It is also true that last night I found a beautiful shining silvery hair insolently flaunting in the very front of my head. 'Yes, yes, my dear,' said Papa—my Papa—when I showed it him, 'we are growing old.'

'And settled. And objective,' said I, carefully pulling it out before the glass. 'And yet, Papachen, inside me I feel quite young.'

Papa chuckled. 'Insides are no safe criterion, my dear,' he said. 'It is the outside that tells.'

'Tells what?'

'A woman's age.'

Evidently I have not yet reminded my own Papa of Hebe.

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

LII.

Galgensberg, Oct. 28th.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—Well, yes, I do think you must get over it without much help from me. You have a great deal of my sympathy, I assure you; far more than you think. I don't put it into my letters because there's so much of it that it would make them overweight. Also it would want a great deal of explaining. You see it's a different sort from what you expect, and given for other reasons than those you have in your mind; and it is quite

impossible to account for in any way you are likely to understand. But do consider what, as regards the broken-off engagement, you must look like from my point of view. Candidly, are you a fit object for my compassion? I see you wandering now through Italy in its golden autumn looking at all your dear Luinis and Bellinis and Botticellis and other delights of your first growing up, and from my bleak hill-top I watch you hungrily as you go. November is nearly upon us, and we shiver under leaden clouds and driving rain. The windows are loose, and all of them rattle. The wind screams through their chinks as though somebody had caught it by the toes and was pinching it. We can't see out for the raindrops on the panes. When I go to the door to get a breath of something fresher than house air I see only mists, and wreaths of clouds, and mists again, where a fortnight ago lay a little golden town in a cup of golden hills. Do you think that a person with this cheerless prospect can pity you down there in the sun? I trace your bright line of march on the map and merely feel envy. I am haunted by visions of the many beautiful places and climates there are in the world that I shall never see. The thought that there are people at this moment sitting under palm-trees or in the shadow of pyramids fanning themselves with their handkerchiefs while I am in my clammy room—the house gets clammy, I find, in persistent wet weather—not liking to light a lamp because it is only three o'clock, and yet hardly able to see because of the streaming panes and driving mist, the thought of these happy people makes me restive. I too want to be up and off, to run through the wet pall hanging over this terrible grey North down into places where sunshine would dry the fog out of my hair, and brown my face, and loosen my joints, and warm my poor frozen spirit. I would change places with you this minute if I could. Gladly would I take the burden of your worries on to my shoulders, and, carrying them like a knapsack, lay them at the feet of the first Bellini Madonna I met and leave them there for good. It would give me no trouble to lay them down, those worries produced by other people. One little shake, and they'd tumble off. Always things and places have been more to me than people. Perhaps it is often so with persons who live lonely lives. Anyhow don't at once cry out that I'm unnatural and inhuman, for things are after all only filtered out people—their ideas crystallised into tangibleness, their spirit taking visible form; either they are that, or they are, I suppose, God's ideas—after all the same thing put into shapes we can see and touch. So that it's not so dreadful of me to like them best,

to prefer their company, their silent teaching, although you will, I know, lecture me and perhaps tell me I am petrifying into a mere thing myself. Well, it is only fair that you should lecture me, who so often lecture you.

Yours quite meekly,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

LIII.

Galgenberg, Nov. 1st.

DEAR MR. ANSTRUTHER,—I won't talk about it any more. Let us have done with it. Let us think of something else. I shall get tired of the duke if you are not careful, so please save me from an attitude so unbecoming. This is All Saints' Day: the feast of white chrysanthemums and dear memories. My mother used to keep it as a day apart, and made me feel something of its mysticism. She had a table in her bedroom, the nearest approach that was possible to an altar, with one of those pictures hung above it of Christ on the Cross that always make me think of Swinburne's

God of this grievous people, wrought
After the likeness of their race—

do you remember?—and candles, and jars of flowers, and many little books; and she used on her knees to read in the little books, kneeling before the picture. She explained to me that the Lutheran whitewash starved her soul, and that she wanted, however clumsily, to keep some reminder with her of the manner of prayer in England. Did I ever tell you how pretty she was? She was so very pretty, and so adorably nimble of tongue. Quick, glancing, vivid, she twinkled in the heavy Jena firmament like some strange little star. She led Papa and me by the nose, and we loved it. I can see her now expounding her rebellious theories, sitting limply—for she was long and thin—in a low chair, but with nothing limp about her flower-like face and eyes shining with interest in what she was talking about. She was great on the necessity, a necessity she thought quite good for everybody but absolutely essential for a woman, of being stirred up thoroughly once a week at the very least to an enthusiasm for religion and the life of the world to come. She said there was nothing so good for one as being stirred up; that only the well stirred ever achieve great things; that stagnation never yet produced a soul that had shot up out of reach of fogs on to the clear heights from which alone you can call out directions for the guidance of those below. The cold, empty

Lutheran churches were abhorrent to her. 'They are populated on Sundays,' she said, 'solely by stagnant women—women so stagnant that you can almost see the duckweed growing on them.'

She could not endure, and I, taught to see through her eyes, cannot endure either, the chilly blend of whitewash and painted deal pews in the midst of which you are required here once a week to magnify the Lord. Our churches—all those I have seen—are like either vaults or barns, the vault variety being slightly better and also more scarce. Their aggressive ugliness, and cold, repellent service keeping the congealed sinner at arm's length, nearly drove my mother into the Roman Church, a place no previous Watson had ever wanted to go to. The churches in Jena made her think with the tenderest regard of the old picturesque pre-Lutheran days, of the light and colour and emotions of the Catholic services, and each time she was forced into one she said she made a bigger stride towards Rome. 'Luther was a most mischievous person,' she would say, glancing half defiantly through long eyelashes at Papa. But he only chuckled. He doesn't mind about Luther. Yet in case he did, in case some national susceptibility should have been hurt, she would get up lazily—her movements were as lazy as her tongue was quick—and take him by the ears and kiss him.

She died when she was thirty-five : sweet and wonderful to the last. Nor did her beauty suffer in the least in the sudden illness that killed her. 'A lily in a linen-clout She looked when they had laid her out,' as your Meredith says ; and on this day every year, this day of saints so dear to us, my spirit is all the time in those long-ago happy years with her. I have no private altar in my room, no picture of a ' piteous Christ '—Papa took that—and no white flowers in this drenched autumnal place to show that I remember ; nor do I read in the little books, except with gentle wonderment that she should have found nourishment in them, she who fed so constantly on the great poets. But I have gone each All Saints' Day for ten years past to church in Jena in memory of her, and tried by shutting my eyes to imagine I was in a beautiful place without whitewash, or hideous, almost brutal, stained glass.

This morning, knowing that if I went down into the town I would arrive spattered with mud up to my ears and so bedraggled that the pew-opener might conceivably refuse me admission on the ground that I would spoil her pews, I set out for the nearest village across the hills, hoping that a country congregation would be more used to mud. I found the church shut, and nobody with the

least desire to have it opened. The rain beat dismally down on my umbrella as I stood before the blank locked door. A neglected fence divided the graves from the parson's front yard, protecting them, I suppose, as much as in it lay, from the depredations of wandering cows. On the other side of it was the parson's manure heap, on which stood wet fowls mournfully investigating its contents. His windows, shut and impenetrable, looked out on to the manure heap, the fowls, the churchyard, and myself. It is a very ancient church, picturesque, and with beautiful lancet windows with delicate traceries carefully bricked up. Not choosing to have walked five miles for nothing, and not wishing to break a habit ten years old of praying in a church for my darling mother's soul on this day of souls and darling saints, I gathered up my skirts and splashed across the parson's pools and knocked modestly at his door for the key. The instant I did it two dogs from nowhere, two infamous little dogs of that unpleasant breed from which I suppose Pomerania takes its name, rushed at me furiously barking. The noise was enough to wake the dead; and since nobody stirred in the house or showed other signs of being wakened it became plain to my deductive intelligence that its inmates couldn't be dead. So I knocked again. The dogs yelled again. I stood looking at them in deep disgust, quite ashamed of the way in which the dripping stillness was being rent because of me. A soothing umbrella shaken at them only increased their fury. They seemed, like myself, to grow more and more indignant the longer the door was kept shut. At last a servant opened it a few inches, eyed me with astonishment, and when she heard my innocent request eyed me with suspicion. She hesitated, half shut the door, hesitated again, and then saying she would go and see what the Herr Pastor had to say, shut the door quite. I do not remember ever having felt less respectable. The girl clearly thought I was not; the dogs clearly were sure I was not. Properly incensed by the shutting of the door and the expression on the girl's face I decided that the only dignified course was to go away; but I couldn't because of the dogs.

The girl came back with the key. She looked as though she had a personal prejudice against me. She opened the door just wide enough for a lean person to squeeze through, and bade me, with manifest reluctance, come in. The hall had a brick floor and an umbrella stand. In the umbrella stand stood an umbrella, and as the girl, who walked in front of me, passed it, she snatched out the umbrella and carried it with her, firmly pressed to her bosom.

I did not at once grasp the significance of this action. She put me into an icy shut-up room and left me to myself. It was the *gute Stube*—good room—room used only on occasions of frigid splendour. Its floor was shiny with yellow paint, and to meet the difficulty of the paint being spoiled if people walked on it and that other difficulty of a floor being the only place you can walk on, strips of cocoanut matting were laid across it from one important point to another. There was a strip from the door to the window; a strip from the door to another door; a strip from the door to the sofa; and a strip from the sofa on which the caller sits to the chair on which sits the callee. A baby of apparently brand newness was crying in an adjoining room. I waited, listening to it for what seemed an interminable time, not daring to sit down because it is not expected in Germany that you shall sit in any house but your own until specially requested to do so. I stood staring at the puddles my clothes and umbrella were forming on the strip of matting, vainly trying to rub them out with my feet. The wail of the unfortunate in the next room was of an uninterrupted and haunting melancholy. The rain beat on the windows forlornly. As minute after minute passed and no one came I grew very restless. My fingers began to twitch, and my feet to tap. And I was cooling down after my quick walk with a rapidity that meant a cough and a sore throat. There was no bell, or I would have rung it and begged to be allowed to go away. I did turn round to open the door and try to attract the servant's notice and tell her I could wait no longer, but I found to my astonishment that the door was locked. After that the whole of my reflections were resolved into one chaotic *Dear me*, from which I did not emerge till the parson appeared through the other door, bringing with him a gust of wailing from the unhappy baby within and of the characteristic smell of infant garments drying at a stove.

He was cold, suspicious, inquisitive. Evidently unused to being asked for permission to go into his church, and equally evidently unused to persons passing through a village which was, for most persons, on the way to nowhere, he endeavoured with some skill to discover what I was doing there. With equal skill I evaded answering his questions. They included inquiries as to my name, my age, my address, my father's profession, the existence or not of a husband, the number of my brothers and sisters, and distinct probings into the size of our income. It struck me that he had a great deal of time and very few visitors, except thieves. Delicately I conveyed this impression to him, leaving

out only the thieves, by means of implications of a vaguely flattering nature. He shrugged his shoulders, and said it was too wet for funerals, which were the only things doing at this time of the year.

'What, don't they die when it is wet?' I asked, surprised.

'Certainly, if it is necessary,' said he.

'Oh,' said I, pondering. 'But if someone does, he has to be buried?'

'We put it off,' said he.

'Put it off?'

'We put it off,' he repeated firmly.

'But—' I began, in a tone of protest.

'There's always a fine day if one waits long enough,' said he.

'That's true,' said I, struck by a truth I had not till then consciously observed.

He did not ask me to sit down, a careful eye, I suppose, having gauged the probable effect of my wet clothes on his dry chairs, so we stood facing each other on the strip of matting, throwing questions and answers backwards and forwards like a ball. And I think I played quite skilfully, for at the end of the game he knew little more than when we began.

And so at last he gave me the key, and having with a great rattling of its handle concealed that he was unlocking the door, and further cloaked this process by a pleasant comment on the way doors stick in wet weather, which I met with the cold information that ours didn't, he whistled off the dogs, and I left him still with an inquiry in his eye.

The church is very ancient and dates from the XIIIth century. You would like its outside—I wonder if in your walks you ever came here—but its inside has been spoilt by the zealous Lutherans and turned into the usual barn. In its first state of beauty in those far-off Catholic days what a haven it must have been for all the women and most of the men of that lonely turnip-growing village; the one beauty spot, the one place of mystery and enthusiasm. No one, I thought, staring about me, could possibly have their depths stirred in the middle of so much whitewash. The inhabitants of these bald agricultural parishes are not sufficiently spiritual for the Lutheran faith. Black gowns and bareness may be enough for those whose piety is so exalted that ceremonies are only a hindrance to the purity of their devotions; but the ignorant and the dull, if they are to be stirred, and especially the women who have entered upon that long series of grey years that begins for those worked gaunt and shapeless in the fields some-

where about twenty-five and never leaves off again, if they are to be helped to be less forlorn need many ceremonies, many symbols, much show, and mystery, and awfulness. You will say that it is improbable that the female inhabitants of such a poor parish should know what it is to feel forlorn; but I know better. You will, turning some of my own words against me, tell me that one does not feel forlorn if one is worked hard enough; but I know better about that too—and I said it only in reference to young men like yourself. It is true the tragedy of the faded face combined with the uncomfortably young heart, which is the tragedy that every woman who has had an easy life has to endure for quite a number of years, finds no place in the existence of a drudge; it is true, too, that I never yet saw, and I am sure you didn't, a woman of the labouring classes make efforts to appear younger than she is; and it is also true that I have seldom seen, and I am sure you haven't, women of the class that has little to do leave off making them. Ceaseless hard work and the care of many children do away very quickly with the youth both of face and heart of the poor man's wife, and with the youth of heart go the yearnings that rend her whose heart, whatever her face may be doing, is still without a wrinkle. But drudgery and a lost youth do not make your life less, but more dreary. These poor women have not, like their husbands, the solace of the public-house *Schnaps*. They go through the bitterness of the years wholly without anæsthetics. Really I don't think I can let you go on persisting that they feel nothing. Why, we shall soon have you believing that only you in this groaning and traving creation suffer. Please divest yourself of these illusions. Read, my young friend, read the British poet Crabbe. Read him much; ponder him more. He knew all about peasants. He was a plain man, with a knack for rhyme and rhythm that sets your brain a-jingling for weeks, who saw peasants as they are. They must have been the very ones we have here. In his pages no honeysuckle clammers picturesquely about their path, no simple virtues shine in their faces. Their hearth is not snowy, their wife not neat and nimble. They do not gather round bright fires and tell artless tales on winter evenings. Their cheer is certainly homely, but that doesn't make them like it, and they never call down blessings upon it with moist uplifted eyes. Grandsires with venerable hair are rather at a discount; the young men's way of trudging cannot be described as elastic; and their talk, when there is any, does not consist of praise of the local landowner.

Do you think they do not know that they are cold and underfed ? And do not know they have grown old before their time through working in every sort of weather ? And do not know where their rheumatism and fevers come from ?

I walked back through the soaking, sighing woods thinking of these things and of how unfairly the goods of life are distributed and of the odd tendency misfortunes have to collect themselves together in one place in a heap. Old thoughts, you'll say—old thoughts as stale as life, thoughts that have drifted through countless heads, and after a while drifted out of them again, leaving no profit behind them. But one can't help thinking them and greatly marvelling. Make the most, you fortunate young man, of freedom, and Italy, and sunshine, and your six and twenty years. If I could only persuade you to let yourself go quite simply to being happy ! Our friendship, in spite of its sincerity, has up to now been of so little use to you ; and a friendship which is not helpful might just as well not exist. I wish I knew what words of mine would help you most. How gladly would I write them. How gladly would I see you in untroubled waters, forging straight ahead towards a full and fruitful life. But I am a foolish, ineffectual woman, and write you waspish letters when I might, if I had more insight, have found out what those words are that would set you tingling with the joy of life.

Yours sincerely,

ROSE-MARIE SCHMIDT.

I've been reading some of the very beautiful prayers in my mother's English Prayer Book to make up for not having prayed in church to-day. Its margins are thickly covered with pencilled comments. In parts like the Psalms and Canticles they overflow into the spaces between the verses. They are chiefly notes on the beauties of thought and language, and comparisons with similar passages in the Bible. Here and there between the pages are gummed little pictures of Madonnas and ' piteous Christs.' But when the Athanasian Creed is reached the tone of the comments changes. Over the top of it is written ' Someone has said there is a vein of dry humour running through this Creed that is very remarkable.' And at the end of each of those involved clauses that try quite vainly, yet with an air of defying criticism, to describe the undescribable, my mother has written with admirable caution ' Perhaps.'

(To be continued.)

*SOME MILITARY MEMORIES OF SIR
ARCHIBALD ALISON.*

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON has been gathered to his fathers, full of years and possessing

that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

No more gallant and chivalrous soldier ever drew sword for England, and our country may well be proud that such as he can be reckoned among her sons. Modest and self-effacing to the very verge of humility, he never asserted his individuality until duty summoned him to the front; but in stress, trouble or danger, he was ever the first to take upon himself the fullest share of toil and responsibility and to do yeoman's service with mind and body.

In the nature of things, very, very few are left who were Sir Archibald's comrades in the earlier days of his active service; and the part that he played in the Crimea and during the Indian Mutiny is now blended in the general history of these great struggles. That the Captain of the 72nd Highlanders was a regimental officer of marked dash and merit, even in that most distinguished corps, is sufficiently evidenced by the notice which he attracted from Sir Colin Campbell, no very inaccurate judge of men, and by the brevet and subsequent substantive promotion that he received. That the young Major was eminently suited for high and responsible employment demanding great tact and administrative power was proved in his selection by the veteran Commander-in-Chief in India to be Military Secretary, and by the conspicuously able way in which he performed the duties of the appointment. To serve on Sir Colin Campbell's staff in the field meant being ever in the hottest part of the fighting line, and the Military Secretary was severely wounded at the relief of Lucknow, losing his left arm and, what he felt even more acutely, the opportunity of seeing the triumphant close of the campaign. Further honours and promotion justly came to Sir Archibald. His future was assured; and, after filling several staff appointments, he became Assistant Adjutant-General at Aldershot, under his old friend, that grand Scotsman,

Sir Hope Grant ; and it was at Aldershot, where there was always a large assemblage of troops, and the whole British Army sooner or later joined the Camp of Instruction, that Sir Archibald Alison first became universally known and equally universally esteemed among his fellow soldiers, both officers and men. His complete acquaintance with detail and his wide knowledge of war's science, gained by careful study, made him an invaluable Chief of the Staff and enabled him to throw a clear light on every military problem. Whenever there was any doubt or difficulty in the minds of generals or officers of lower degree, the sight of the Adjutant-General galloping up, the stump of his mutilated arm working up and down as it did in moments of excitement, was always welcome, and the word passed, 'Here's Alison. He will settle it all right.' Keenly enthusiastic about the handling of troops, he was as delighted as a boy when something that he had devised came off successfully—not that he might take any credit to himself, but that he might enjoy a subsequent cheery discussion about means and principles. The memory still remains of a day at summer manœuvres, when a cavalry force, having thought to secure a position of advantage, found itself anticipated by a party of the enemy, conducted by Sir Archibald Alison in person, who chuckled over the discomfiture of brilliant but too confident opponents.

It is perhaps a somewhat universally received idea in the present day that the soldiers of forty years ago were all ignorant and all wrapped up in other than professional pursuits, but we may take leave to think that here is a considerable amount of misapprehension. The officers of the British Army may not all have been constantly burning the midnight oil in study, sometimes even preferring to hear the chimes in other circumstances, and may not all have been deeply versed in abstruse theories of strategy; but it must at least be conceded that they performed the duties required by the country fairly well in peace and war, leaving a tolerably good record of accomplishment behind them. And there was always a large proportion of their numbers who had the most undoubted pleasure in taking advantage of what means of mental improvement were available. No better proof of this is needed than the thought of the great companies that assembled at the Prince Consort's Library whenever there was a well-organised Kriegspiel. And here Sir Archibald Alison was in his element, now acting as an umpire and now full of interest as a combatant. And his remarks were always worth remembering. One of the

most weighty may be recalled. 'Don't go and believe that any such superiority in an enemy's numbers or any such definite scale of losses can be laid down as should inevitably make good troops allow that they are beaten. I know that British soldiers, well led, have often faced greater odds and have, unshaken, suffered greater losses than are ruled in this game as furnishing an occasion for giving way.' Would that Sir Archibald's wise words were always remembered in tight places! Some people have even thought that there have been recent episodes when a *theoretically* correct appreciation of adverse circumstances has caused English troops to unnecessarily believe that they were justified in throwing up the sponge.

When the Ashanti expedition was decided upon in 1873, there had been no active service for the British Army for a good many years, and none of the younger generation of soldiers had received their *baptême du feu*. All were most anxious to go to the Gold Coast, and the doors of the War Office were besieged by crowds imploring for employment. Happy were the few who were selected. Sir Garnet Wolseley started with a chosen company, and it was fondly hoped by the Government that he might be able to do all that was necessary with raw native levies to be raised on the spot, supplemented by a few Marines, West Indian soldiers, and Engineers. After a few weeks of most strenuous effort and some hard fighting, it was found, as might have been expected, that Sir Garnet's task was an impossible one, and that, if he was to have any success, he must have some good regular troops. A brigade, consisting of the 23rd Fusiliers, the 42nd Highlanders, and the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, was detailed for service, and Sir Archibald Alison was placed in command of it. Brigadier, staff and battalions were hurried as rapidly as possible to 'the Bight of Benin,

Where few come out though many go in.'

with the view of marching on Kumasi before the wet season commenced.

But when they arrived at Cape Coast Castle, it was found that there were difficulties about transport, some indispensable supplies had been embarked on slow ships and had not yet arrived, and the troopships were sent to cruise until arrangements could be completed. Sir Archibald was himself landed, however, to be handy for consultation with Sir Garnet as to the details of the coming campaign.

Here he remained for nearly a month, but this was by no means an idle time, for, besides his anxieties in making provision for his brigade, he had from time to time to assume command of the base in the absence of Sir Garnet, and he was actively employed in the collection of native carriers. The malarious climate, as is well known, was of the most depressing and enervating character, and the medical staff had their hands full in trying to keep everybody in health. A somewhat ludicrous incident has been told in relation to this. Sir Archibald was advised to take a specific dose, which, though probably most salutary, was certainly rather nauseous. His aide-de-camp, whose duty it was to see that the Brigadier did not shirk his draught, handed it to him and advised him to hold his nose in taking it. 'But, my dear fellow,' said he, 'how can I?' pointing to his empty sleeve. 'Don't let that stand in your way, Sir,' replied the aide-de-camp, seized his General's nose, and held it tightly till the dose was swallowed. Strange duties sometimes fall to the lot of staff officers on service, but it is seldom that an aide-de-camp can boast of having taken such a liberty with his Chief.

At last, by the indefatigable exertions of Colonel Colley (so lamentably killed some years later at Majuba), the transport was got into some kind of efficiency and the advance up country could begin. But many were Sir Archibald Alison's disappointments and mortifications. Although every possible means had been exhausted to collect carriers (for human transport was the only resource in a country where no beasts can live), and even the West Indian soldiers had been disarmed and utilised, it was found impossible to carry forward the supplies and other necessities for three battalions, however much they were limited. Only a hundred of the 23rd could be taken to the front, and, moreover, more than a hundred weakly men of the 42nd and the same number of the Rifle Brigade broke down under the effects of the baleful climate before their battalions left the coast. It was a sad weakening of the fine brigade which Sir Archibald had hoped to take into action. But in all the *contretemps*, all the minor worries that so often came upon him, the sweet serenity of his temper never failed him for an instant. He had a kindly word for everybody, and ever a kindly thought for the welfare of others.

During the march from Cape Coast Castle to the interior, whither the masses of Ashantis had then retreated, it must not be supposed that the European brigade marched as one body.

They moved from halting-place to halting-place in a succession of half-battalions, and Sir Archibald never had them together till they arrived at the vicinity of Amoafu, where the first serious action took place. Some letters had passed between Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Ashanti King, the former pointing out that he had no wish to proceed to extremities, and that if the King would yield up the prisoners in his hands, and make a satisfactory peace, all the troops should be at once sent back and hostilities should cease; the latter procrastinating with a view to gain time for collecting more fighting men and preparing for resistance. A Mr. Dawson, a half-caste who was detained a prisoner in the Ashanti camp and was employed as the King's Secretary, cleverly added to one of the letters which he had been forced to write, 'Please see 2 Corinthians, chap. ii., verse 11.' The verse is: 'Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices.' Sir Garnet took the hint and determined to lose no time in useless pourparlers but to push on at once.

On January 31, then, the front column, under Sir Archibald Alison, moved off at daybreak, the village of Amoafu being the immediate objective. The first opposition was encountered about 8 A.M., when the first wounded men, belonging to Lord Gifford's Scouts, began to fall back from the front, and the firing continued with little intermission until about 2 P.M. The savage enemy had collected all their force, probably a good many thousands, judging from the extent of deserted camps and the numbers of killed that were afterwards found. Sir Archibald himself said that he had never been under a hotter fire, and though providentially the number of killed on the English side was not excessive, many were disabled by more or less severe wounds, the 42nd alone losing more than a quarter of their men and nine officers. Sir Archibald set an example of calm courage to all, and it was an inspiring sight to see the brave soldier standing in the midst of the fighting line (unarmed, save for the long staff with which most officers were provided, for this was essentially a campaign on foot), and keeping a watchful eye on every phase of the determined advance, which was being pushed through the giant trees and dense tropical undergrowth, giving cover to multitudes of hidden foes. We have before us the hastily-scribbled diary of an officer who was there recording the impressions of the moment.

'Alison, as cool as a gentleman should be. His orders distinct and practical.' What more could be asked from a leader?

It has been said that the English force had a large number of men more or less severely wounded, and the moral effect of wounds was then almost as great as if the injuries had been fatal, for, in that treacherous climate, at a long distance from the coast, involving the necessity of a most rough journey before the commonest requirements of a disabled man could be systematically provided, it was common belief that there was little hope of recovery from most hurts received in battle. And here the influence of Sir Archibald upon the gallant soldiers who had followed him was invaluable. His tender interest and sympathetic words put heart into many a poor fellow, giving to him in his pain the hopeful courage which is so often the most effective and enduring of remedies.

A day or two after the fight at Amoafu, Sir Archibald supervised the taking of Becquah, which was carried out by Colonel McLeod, and gave to Lord Gifford the opportunity to gain the Victoria Cross by his brilliantly daring conduct. A curious incident of war happened here. Sir Archibald was standing near one of the gigantic, buttressed cotton-wood trees that are such peculiar features in a West African forest, and two or three times the report of a musket had been heard, accompanied by the splash of a bullet in the damp soil near his feet. No one could tell where the enemy might be, who so far was making such bad shooting, and whose next shot was awaited with ever-increasing apprehension by the little group of staff and followers. Suddenly, the Brigadier's quick-witted orderly, a 42nd man, was seen to throw up his rifle and fire as if at a rocketing pheasant. Down with a crash, nearly on Sir Archibald's head, fell a huge Ashanti tribesman, in all his panoply of war, who had perched himself far aloft among the thick foliage, and whose weapon had fortunately not been equal in accuracy to his judgment of a good military position. The orderly's shot had been at once fatal, and the Ashanti was a dead man before he touched the ground.

The next serious fight, and the last before Kumasi was reached, was at a village called Ordahsu. Colonel McLeod had been in charge of the advanced guard, which was made up of the Rifle Brigade, some native troops, and two 7-pounder guns. He had occupied the outskirts of a comparatively large open space round the deserted village; but his force was not strong enough to burst its way through the determined resistance of the clouds of the enemy in the surrounding bush. He asked for the reinforcement of his own regiment, the 42nd, which, having, as has been said, suffered heavily

at Amoafu, had been this day held in reserve. This was, of course, at once conceded, and a panting aide-de-camp was sent hot-foot a mile and a half back to summon the Highlanders. When they arrived at the open space that has been mentioned, they were naturally rather blown with their rapid march, and a little excited at the prospect of immediate fighting. Colonel McLeod knew the job that had to be done, and was resolved that his regiment should be absolutely cool and steady before they undertook it. To the astonishment of everybody, he ordered 'markers out,' and formed the 42nd in a most accurate parade line, which he corrected and dressed till it stood as firm and motionless as if it had been awaiting an inspection at Aldershot. Sir Garnet, and even Sir Archibald, began to be impatient of the delay, especially as the fire was annoying and the bullets were humming through the trees, scattering the leaves; but the experienced Scottish warrior would not move until his trusty battalion was absolutely in hand, and showed no signs of bustle. Then he gave the order for one company to push down the narrow path towards Kumasi, and two other companies to make their way through the bush on either side, the remainder of the battalion to be in close support. 'Pipes to the heads of companies,' and, well knowing the tremendous effect of a British shout upon a savage enemy, 'The men will cheer.'

Then such an exciting episode was seen as stirred the blood and called forth the admiration of the spectators. The companies wheeled off, the skirl of the pipes roused the Scotsmen to a Berserk fury, and, like a disciplined avalanche, they rushed forward. Sir Archibald Alison went down the path with the leading company, and the men, taking full advantage of the license to cheer and shout, showed how they appreciated their Scottish commander by loud and enthusiastic expressions: 'Hurrah for the Brigadier.' 'Weel done, the Brigadier.' 'Gang on, Brigadier.' 'Hurrah for him.' Such and so determined a movement could not but be victorious. In the words of Sir Archibald's own despatch, 'without stop or stay the 42nd rushed on cheering, their pipes playing, their officers to the front; ambuscade after ambuscade was carried, village after village won in succession till the whole Ashantis broke and fled in the wildest disorder down the pathway on their front to Kumasi. The ground was covered with traces of their flight. Umbrellas and war chairs of their chiefs, drums, muskets, killed and wounded, covered the whole way, and the bush on each side was trampled as if a torrent had flowed through it.'

Kumasi was taken, and the horrors of the place, the numbers of wretched slaves, men and children, fastened to logs and awaiting the day of immolation to fetich, the execution tree reeking with blood, and the ghastly pit into which the bodies of victims were piled, have often been described. The little army remained only one full day in the loathsome spot. Its morning was dull and heavy, and in the afternoon and night a succession of furious tornadoes swept over the town, giving warning that the rainy season might be coming on sooner than had been expected. In moving away, Sir Archibald Alison was in charge of the rearguard, and it fell to him to see the royal palace blown up, and every soldier clear of the enemy's capital. He did not stir until the tedious duty was accomplished.

On the first day of the homeward march, he was probably in as serious peril as at any other time during the expedition. The effects of the climate, toil, and exposure, which in other officers generally showed themselves in attacks of fever, with him took the form of painful abscesses in his one hand, rendering him nearly helpless. He was mounted on an old white mule, the only animal that had had constitutional strength to resist the malaria and to accompany the force, and, his arm being in a sling, the animal was led. As the column approached the river Suabin, which, two days earlier, could be crossed almost dryshod, it was found transformed by the tornadoes into a roaring torrent. As the mule tried to pick its way across the old ford, the current was too strong for it, and the poor weakly beast lost its footing. Fortunately the orderly and a Kroo-boy were handy, and helped it to struggle to dry land. If it had once been rolled over in the waters, the rider's plight would have been critical indeed. The rivers everywhere were in heavy flood. The bridge over the Dah was found at nightfall to be a foot under water, and it was altogether washed away a few minutes after Sir Archibald had crossed it. The 42nd had to strip, join hands and thus struggle through the river, their kits and rifles being carried across on the heads of the amphibious Kroo-boys. The next morning, a stalwart Highlander, who had not, in the darkness, succeeded in retrieving his clothes, paraded in the rather light equipment of a helmet and a rifle.¹

Cape Coast Castle was reached at last, and Sir Archibald was able, after brief delay, to bid adieu to a land where he had filled so important a place and had added so greatly to his previous

¹ His clothes were found, however, before the battalion moved off.

honourable reputation. Again Assistant Adjutant-General at Aldershot, then Deputy Adjutant-General in Ireland, promoted to be Major-General, placed in charge of the Staff College, and almost immediately afterwards appointed to be chief of the Army Intelligence Department, '*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*' Especially at the Intelligence Department, where he served for nearly four years, he left among those who served with him the memory of a clear thinker, a stimulating employer, and a most kind and generous superior.

When trouble arose in Egypt in 1882, and it became evident that the English Government must act, and act energetically and firmly, Sir Archibald Alison was among the first officers of high rank whose services were called for. After the bombardment of Alexandria, he landed in command of the troops detailed for the occupation, and he formed the entrenched position at Ramleh, within which the base would have been formed if a direct advance on Cairo had been resolved upon. Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, decided, however, on the brilliant stroke of strategy by which he transferred his base to Ismailia, with the view of striking at the flank of the Egyptian line of defence. In the final organisation of the army, Sir Archibald was placed in what he always said was the proudest position he ever held in his life, and that which he always most longed for, the command of the Highland Brigade. An old Highland regimental officer, and a Scotsman to the backbone in his ideas and sympathies, he knew the value of the kilted corps, and he felt that, in leading them, he was in the true place of honour. And in the day of battle he was not disappointed. During the long night march across the desert towards the fortified position of Tel-el-Kebir, his brigade moved with a steadiness, silence, and precision of which he afterwards spoke enthusiastically, and, when the moment of attack on the strongly held field-works came, the tartans swarmed over ditch and parapet, using the bayonet alone, and, in the end, carrying all before them. But the leading companies, with which, as might have been expected, was found Sir Archibald Alison, did not at once make good their footing in the works; and he has described how, in the impetuous rush, he was swept by the crowd into and across the deep ditch, then momentarily carried back again, and a second time swept into and across the ditch, then to see all resistance melt away and to find himself triumphant in the place where the enemy had thought to be secure.

After the war was at an end, Sir Archibald remained in Egypt in command of the army of occupation till the following year, when he was recalled and placed at the head of the division at Aldershot. Many distinguished officers have in succession guided this training school for the British army, and some have apparently been more strenuous in their methods, and have appeared in a more coruscating light than Sir Archibald Alison; but whether his methods and his work have ever been really bettered admits of much doubt. His watchword was always 'duty'; and in insisting upon the most thorough performance of duty he was ever particularly careful that due courtesy should always be practised towards every officer, staff or regimental—a characteristic that, as is well known, has not always been manifested and encouraged by some prominent military administrators.

Sir Archibald's last employment was as a member of the Council at the India Office. It has been thought that his great military experience, cool judgment, and far-reaching knowledge, might, perhaps, have been utilised more profitably for the country in one of the highest military administrative positions. Probably his modesty impelled him to stand aside in the race for precedence. He has left a name which will be cherished by all who knew him. His example to all soldiers who ever served with him was above price.

THE VELOCIPEDIA BRITANNICA.

My bicycle, my bicycle, that liest where I lie,
I've merely strained a tendon, but your time has come to die.
(We're tangled both together in a dry but dirty ditch;
I wish a friend would come along and tell us which is which.)

—To die, I say; you're human; I can't insult a bike
By talking of resilience and hub-sprockets and the like;
Nor do I think of blaming you; the best machine will skid
Upon a piece of orange-peel, exactly as you did.

And now that you are lying, my dear old 'safety' wheel,
An armful of umbrella-ribs and odds and ends of steel,
Stored memories of journeys made by you and me awake;
Mishap may take my breath away, but them it cannot take.

We never broke a record—we never cared to try—
Except the one for loitering, my bicycle and I.
'Tis not with louts and motor-fiends that such as we compete;
Ours is a tranquil travelling, and theirs the dust and heat.

Their Rhodes and Mitylene let other nations praise;
Our roads are good enough for us, if you'll forgive the phrase;
I mean the little winding lanes one only finds at home,
And not the hard high roads they made when all roads led to
Rome.

The East may call her lovers to Islands of the Blest,
Where every prospect pleases and the weary are at rest,
Where ain't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst—
But I, a little Englander, put little England first.

We've tried East Anglian drift-roads, explored the Pilgrim's Way,
Crossed tidal sands at Holy Isle, and stuck in Oxford clay;
We've learnt the depth of Devon lanes, the height of Yorkshire
dales,
And traced the chain of castled towns, the border-line of Wales.

We've passed by manor-houses with finials and things,
Stately Elizabethan fronts and Jacobean wings—
An 'eligible residence,' once called a 'stately pile,'
That tolerates humanity with wisdom in its smile.

We've had the wind behind us, and pedalling apace,
The beauty born of whirring wheels has passed into my face;
We've climbed the hills together, and together known the joy
Of coasting down the other side, like Canon Beeching's 'Boy.'

We've found the early cowslip, we've slept in fields of hay,
We've felt the spell of gorse in bloom, that made Linnæus pray,
Breathed deeply of the heather-bells, and underneath the moon
Tasted the South that blows across a field of beans in June.

We've faced the April showers that tarnish steel and paint;
We've gone where bicycles may go as well as where they mayn't—
But now the times are changing, and I should not be surprised
To find the track up Sty Head Pass had been macadamised.

Ay, *tempora mutantur*; the bicycle may rust,
While Urban District Councillors experiment with dust;
While ranks of country constables are daily reinforced,
And many motor licenses remain to be endorsed.

Wherefore, all ye that list to hear our noble England's praise,
Refuse to join the hymn of Speed that spoils her quiet ways;
Have done with thirty miles an hour, and let your chauffeur smile
To learn that you prefer to spend an hour on every mile.

Go learn the heart of England, there is no need to roam,
The truest patriot begins, like charity, at home;
Familiarity with her can never breed contempt;
The rule applies to other lands, but England is exempt.

And how should they know England who do not England know?
—The question begs the question, true, but still it serves to show
A paradox misquoted is an axiom reversed—
She's all right when you know her, but you've got to know her
first.

F. S.

THE COURTS AT WESTMINSTER.

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE WILLIAM WILLIS, K.C.

IN a few months, twenty-five years will have passed away since Queen Victoria declared the Law Courts in the Strand open for legal business. The words spoken by the Queen were few. They were uttered, however, with great dignity and sweetness, due partly, perhaps, to the contrast they afforded to the sepulchral tones of the Chancellor and the harsh expression of the Secretary of State. The voice of the Queen was like 'the voice of time disparting towers.' By her few simple words, buildings famous in the administration of justice were doomed to destruction, and Westminster Hall was deprived of the glory which attached to it, from being the seat of the principal Common Law courts of the realm. By the simple language of the Queen, rooms and garrets in different parts of the town, where Law Officers had been long 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' were immediately deserted. Almost directly after the opening of the present Law Courts, the Courts of Queen's Bench, Exchequer, Common Pleas, and the Lord Chancellor's Court were pulled down, and, except to a few men well advanced in life, they are known no more. The position and character of these courts cannot be presented to the eye by picture or engraving. A slight sketch of the interior of the Court of Exchequer as it appeared in 1850 can be found in one of the rooms of the Inner Temple. With this exception, the great courts of law as they subsisted prior to the opening of the Law Courts in the Strand can only be recalled by description; and as apparently they were not verbally presented during their existence, they can now only be described by a memory, which is the possession of comparatively few persons, and is becoming less and less exact as time passes. They can only be vaguely described. It should be remembered that the verbal descriptions of buildings and places of interest by Charles Dickens, which now form an important part of his great works, were the descriptions of things present to his eye. Any one who desires now to describe the law courts at Westminster has only a dim and imperfect recollection of them.

As in these courts some of the greatest trials in our history took place, and as some of the greatest judges and advocates were heard within their precincts, it seems well, for the sake of those who shall in the future desire some knowledge of these courts, and to whom some phrases used in the past ought to be made clear and intelligible, that a description of them should be given.

In these courts, the administration of the Common Law reached its high-water mark. During their existence, all the narrow views with respect to amendments, all the objections to mere matters of form, disappeared, and a plea was no longer pronounced bad because it contained, by oversight, a two-fold denial of the same allegation. Prior to the Judicature Acts, the courts of Common Law exhibited, on the part of the judges, great learning, great carefulness, and a great and noble impartiality which excited the admiration of counsel and suitors. The judges also exercised the utmost freedom in adapting the statements of the parties on the record to the determination of the real questions in the cause.

To the due appreciation of the courts that existed prior to 1882, some account must be given of Westminster Hall itself. Apart from the great State trials and impeachments heard within its walls, a knowledge of which is necessary to a true understanding of the social and political history of our country, Westminster Hall was for more than six centuries connected with the administration of the law, as it affected the subjects of the realm, in disposing of the questions which must and will arise in the pursuit of great wealth, and from the delicacies of refined society.

The ordinary justice of the realm was administered first within the Hall itself. In latter days cases were heard in courts built outside it, resting against its western wall and reached by doors opening into the courts from the Hall itself. Into it no one was prevented from entering, and the great Hall itself was frequently full of barristers, solicitors, and suitors waiting to go into the courts when their cases should be called. The Hall often presented a most animated appearance, and was the scene of many actual consultations and the place where a barrister, not engaged in the case, was sometimes consulted by the advocates therein, as to the method in which the case should be opened and conducted. Here was room, in the case of a railway accident, for the great 'sleepers,' defective portions of boilers and engines to be brought and placed, which juries with the utmost readiness and ease could examine. A young barrister, who was just called, felt that he was clothed with the utmost dignity and

solemnity, when he walked its sacred pavement. By an access of two or three steps, the barrister reached his court from the Hall, and there was no risk or chance of his case being called on before he could be present. The former use and enjoyment of Westminster Hall stand in strange contrast to the use of the Hall of the New Law Courts, which is guarded by policemen, and chiefly serves as a passage from the Strand to Lincoln's Inn.

Westminster Hall and its history must be kept alive, otherwise the student of Lord Eldon's judgments will not understand the phrases he so frequently used, 'This question has been disputed long in Westminster Hall,' 'The Courts of Westminster do not understand our decisions.' With the exception, perhaps, of the first day of term, the Courts of Equity did not sit at Westminster Hall in later days, but in courts in and around Lincoln's Inn and Chancery Lane. Until 1813, the only officers exercising an original jurisdiction in Chancery were the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls. The Lord Chancellor when exercising his original jurisdiction or hearing appeals from the Rolls, usually sat in a court at Lincoln's Inn, in the library of which can still be seen the statue erected in honour of Lord Chancellor Erskine. The courts for the Vice-Chancellor of England, an office created in 1813, and the Vice-Chancellors appointed in 1840, were situate in Lincoln's Inn. They had, so far as one remembers, no architectural pretensions of any kind, and were well exchanged for the courts now occupied by the judges of the Chancery Division. The Rolls Court, which stood on the eastern side of Chancery Lane, had a much higher reputation. It no longer exists. It was a capacious, well-constructed court, within whose walls Sir William Grant and Sir George Jessel attained their great judicial fame. It is the only building in which Chancery judges have sat, the destruction of which may be regretted. With the Rolls Court, disappeared the Rolls Chapel, where Joseph Butler preached the sermons which constitute a most important contribution to moral science.

In the early times, when justice was administered within Westminster Hall itself, at the top of the Hall was, on one side, the Court of King's Bench, and on the other, the Court of the Chancellor. As the Court of Equity often rendered ineffective the decisions of the Common Law Courts, the expression was used that a judgment obtained on one side of Westminster Hall was reversed on the other. It is in connection with this relative position of the Chancellor's Court and the King's Bench in Westminster

Hall, that the story is told how Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor, before taking his seat in the Court of Chancery, went across in the morning to receive the blessing of his father, who was a judge in the Court of King's Bench. It is necessary, therefore, to say something of Westminster Hall itself. Although it now stands separate and apart from the Courts of Justice, it stands not a fragment, but complete in its isolation, and is now chiefly used to afford access to the House of Commons, both for members and strangers. Westminster Hall is the only remaining portion of the ancient palace of Westminster. It is described sometimes as the Hall of William Rufus, but truly, in its present form and shape, it came into existence in the reign of Richard II. It was at first the hall of the palace, where, until the reign of Henry VIII., our early kings, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor, resided. A large portion of the palace was destroyed by fire in the reign of Henry VIII., and was not rebuilt. In consequence of this, Henry VIII. went to reside at Whitehall. From that time, no king or queen has resided at Westminster.

The Court of Requests, Star Chamber, and St. Stephen's Chapel remained intact; the Court of Requests was allotted to the use of the peers of the realm for their legislative business, and St. Stephen's Chapel was by Edward VI. made the meeting place of the members of the House of Commons. Here were delivered the great speeches of William Pitt (father and son), Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, Windham, Canning, Grattan, Peel, Brougham, and Copley. The Painted Chamber, the scene of so many conferences between the Lords and the Commons, lay between St. Stephen's Chapel and the Court of Requests. It is interesting to remember that when the Speaker and the members of the House of Commons desired to demand judgment, at the bar of the Lords, on Lord Macclesfield, who had been found guilty of misconduct in his high office of Chancellor, the Speaker sent a request to the peers, that they would give instructions for the Painted Chamber to be kept clear while the Commons advanced to their Lordships' bar. In 1834, the buildings in which the Lords and Commons conducted their business, together with the Painted Chamber, were destroyed by fire. Westminster Hall was not much, if at all, affected by the conflagration. It stands now in its grandeur, breadth, and its splendid roof, the most majestic, solemn, and sacred building in our land. Around this noble hall, and in connection with it, have been built the new Houses of Parliament. The new buildings

are no longer the residence of the kings and queens of our land, and none of the immunities, enjoyed by kings and queens while they dwelt at Westminster, attach to the present buildings. This was decided by Sir George Jessel, when an objection was taken to the validity of a judgment of Lord Penzance, delivered as Dean of Arches, because he delivered it in a committee room of the House of Lords. It was suggested that Lord Penzance could not exercise his function as Dean of Arches in the palace of the king or queen, and that the Houses of Parliament were such a palace. The self-control with which Sir George Jessel listened for a whole day to arguments in support of the objection, and the humour with which he disposed of them, will not be readily forgotten.¹

The Houses of Parliament, whatever they may be styled, are not now a residence of the king or queen. There is no palace at Westminster. There is only its ancient Hall still preserved, standing, without a rival, among the halls of other civilised communities. Its claim on our reverence arises not from the State trials which have been heard within its walls, but from its connection for so many centuries with the ordinary administration of justice. In Westminster Hall, by a provision of Magna Charta, the Court of Common Pleas found a residence for more than six hundred years,

¹ The moment counsel sat down, without a moment's deliberation Jessel began: 'I am sorry to see the time of the Court has been consumed for a whole day by what I will admit to be a very interesting argument on the part of counsel, showing great antiquarian and legal research, on the question as to whether a judge, who pronounces a sentence that is not otherwise found fault with, was sitting in the *right room*. This is the whole point. I suppose if Lord Penzance had walked into the street outside and delivered his sentence there, no possible objection could have arisen; but it is said that because he sat in the committee room in the House of Lords he was sitting in a Royal palace, which was a place exempt from the ecclesiastical jurisdiction which he exercises as Dean of Arches, and therefore his sentence was a nullity. It is very curious that the matter should depend upon a number of cases and comments all of which have been characterised by the learned counsel who argued the case with such ability, as *hazy*. That is the only adjective which can be employed with reference to the old cases. The learned counsel who applied that term to them said with *ecclesiastical cases* that was ordinarily the case, and he has had such experience in these matters that I am willing to take that statement from him. It has been argued before us that the House of Parliament is at the present moment the *residence of the Queen*. I must say that, if this was not an *ecclesiastical case*, I don't think anybody would attempt so to construe ordinary language. Is there anybody, either in this court or out of it, who ever called the House of Parliament the residence of the Queen, or, before this argument, said, or could have been *supposed* to say, that the Queen resided either in the House of Lords or the House of Commons? There are cases in which the difficulty is to bring one's mind to consider the proposition at all, and this is one of them.'

sometimes within its walls, and sometimes in courts adjoining. For a long period of time the Court of Exchequer had a place in Westminster Hall, both for collecting the revenue and for administering justice. The Court of King's Bench was not so constantly in Westminster Hall as the other courts, because until a late period—so late as the reign of Charles II.—the Court of King's Bench frequently followed the person of the king. In the time of Edward I., it sat in Scotland when Edward was there, and in the reign of Charles II. (1680) it sat at Oxford. While the courts existed in Westminster Hall itself, a large portion of its walls on both sides was used for shops, where books were sold and many other articles, useful to the lawyers and suitors who visited it. In Mr. Loftie's work on London, a print can be seen which presents Westminster Hall at a time when justice was administered within the Hall itself, and part of it was used as shops. In the year 1668, copies of the first edition of *Paradise Lost* could be seen for sale at the shop of H. Mortlack at the White Hart in Westminster Hall.

A verbal description of Westminster Hall, as it appeared in the reign of Henry IV., may be found in the early ballad called 'London Lackpenny.' A few of its lines are worthy of reproduction. Lackpenny is a countryman, who comes up to London to consult the lawyers, but, not having any money to fee them, he cannot obtain a hearing of his suit. He says he went Westminster-ward, to make his complaint to a man of law. As he thrust among the crowd, he says:

I stayed not long,
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the judge I kneeled anon,
And prayed him for God's sake to take heed:
But for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Common Place I yodè thoo,¹
Where sat one with a silken hood;
I did him reverence, for I ought to do so,
And told my case as well as I could,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I got me thence,
Before the Clerks of the Chancery,
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none all at once regarded me.
I gave them my plaint upon my knee:
They liked it well when they had it read;
But lacking money I could not be sped.

¹ 'I went then.'

Within this hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught, although I should die ;
Which seeing, I got me out of the door,
Where Flemynges began on me for to cry,
'Master, what will you copen or buy ?
Fyne felt hats or spectacles to read ?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed.'

The courts at Westminster existing in 1882 were, as has been said, constructed on the outside of its western wall. They were built under the supervision of Sir John Soane, an architect of great reputation in his day. He built a Court of King's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas, with additional small courts for each, together with a court for the Lord Chancellor. As you entered Westminster Hall, these courts were all on the right-hand side of the Hall, and reached by doors from the Hall itself. The courts could also be reached by private entrance on the western side of each of the courts, and here could be seen entering, early in the morning, the judges who had walked together across the park in friendly conversation. The courts designed by Soane were begun in 1820 and completed in 1824. The Court of King's Bench was the first on the right, entering from the front of the Hall. It was richly decorated, with galleries for distinguished visitors to the court, and on the floor were erected six tiers of seats, rising one above the other, two being chiefly occupied by King's Counsel in the front and stuff gownsmen in the second row. The court was thirty-five feet six inches in length, thirty feet in width, and twenty-six feet six inches in height. It was used in term time for motions of all kinds before four judges, including the Chief Justice. Appeals from chambers, motions for new trials, applications for contempt, motions for criminal information, and matters relating to what was known as Crown business, were heard. Out of term, the court was used for trials by special juries, whether the business was civil or criminal. In this Court of King's Bench, Scarlett gained his last triumph, in the defence of the Mayor of Bristol, charged with neglect, in not using proper methods for the suppression of the riot, which in 1830 nearly wrecked the city. In this court, Serjeant Talfourd used all his eloquence and learning in vain, in the attempt to obtain an acquittal for Mr. Moxon, when charged with blasphemy in the publication of Shelley's 'Queen Mab.' Here Chief Justice Cockburn, with his brothers Mellor and Lush, conducted the longest trial on record, when Arthur Orton was convicted of perjury, after a hearing which lasted 188 days.

Next to this court was the 'Bail Court,' a name connected with the old system of arresting on mesne process and giving bail to prevent imprisonment until after the trial. In this court, common jury cases were taken in each week during term, and for a short period after; and sometimes, out of term, the judges would sit here in Banco. This court was thirty feet six inches in length, twenty-eight feet in width, and twenty-three feet six inches in height.

The first to preside in the Court of King's Bench, erected by Soane, was Abbott, known as Lord Tenterden, whose reputation as a great commercial lawyer still survives. His successor was Sir Thomas Denman, who was second to Lord Brougham in the defence of Queen Caroline, and the Attorney-General to the Reform Ministry of Lord Grey. The next chief of the court was John, Lord Campbell, who, after being Solicitor and Attorney General, became for six weeks, in the year 1841, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Then, from 1846 to 1850, he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and might have been seen sitting in the well of the court, advising in litigation affecting the Duchy. In 1850 he became Chief Justice, and presided with Erle, Patteson, Coleridge, and others as his colleagues, until 1859, when he was appointed Lord Chancellor by Lord Palmerston. It was on his elevation to the Woolsack that Lord Lyndhurst, addressing the Peers said, 'We may say of the noble lord on the Woolsack, in the words of the poet :

Thou hast it now : King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised.

Then there succeeded one of the greatest of the Chief Justices of England, who, take him all in all, is almost without a rival as judge and scholar. He filled the high office for twenty-one years, having been previously Chief Justice of the Common Pleas for nearly three years. No one ever presided in the Courts of Justice with greater dignity, nor kept at a higher level the tone of the administration of justice. He never sought to influence a jury by smile, gesture, or wit. His only aim was to secure an unpolluted administration of justice. His language was of the purest, and none could indulge in the slightest vulgarity before him, without reproach. No one would say before him that his authority could be found in 'four Q.B.D.' To a counsel who said that his authority was in 'five Queen's Bench,' he said, 'I may guess at your meaning, sir. I suppose you mean the fifth volume of the Queen's Bench

Reports.' Counsel said he did. The judge said, 'Then say so.' If a man spoke of 'dilation' of the eyes, Cockburn would tell him he meant 'dilatation.' On one occasion, when counsel spoke of a medical theory having been *ostracised*, the Chief suggested that it would be better to say that a medical theory was or had been *exploded*, and keep the word *ostracise* for the removal from power of a dangerous political leader. When counsel stated with a loud voice that pills had been *interpolated*, the Chief quietly said, 'You had better say that some one, after your client handed over the box of pills, put other pills into it. We speak of the interpolations of Lauder.' Trial by jury was before him an almost perfect instrument for the ascertainment of truth. He took a most accurate note of the evidence in the clearest longhand. The note of the learned judge was unaffected by any portion of his own feeling : it reflected exactly the mind of the witness. On a memorable occasion he said to the jury, 'I have some confidence in the notes of evidence which I take myself. I cannot allow counsel to play fast and loose with you, gentlemen, and with me.' He never slept upon the bench. The characteristic of the court, in his time, was its close application to business, and as some portion of its jurisdiction was exclusive to the court, and well known to all its members, business proceeded with great rapidity. Punctuality was the life of the court. As the tones of 'Big Ben' striking ten o'clock were heard, the curtains were drawn aside and Chief Justice Cockburn entered with his pismires, ready for the work of the day.

The men of the present generation can never witness the act of going through the bar, such as was seen in the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster in the days of Cockburn : Attorney and Solicitor General, Queen's Advocate, ex-Law Officers, King's Counsel, and Serjeants, men of the highest learning and reputation, with crowds of stuff gownsmen, who were to act as their juniors or make to the Court distinct applications themselves, were frequently present. On such an assembly of men the Chief looked down, with conscious pride and respect, and said, 'Do you move, Mr. Attorney?' whereupon, perhaps, he moved. The arguments of counsel in the Queen's Bench formed an important part of legal education, because only in a few cases could there be an appeal from the decision of the Court. As the decisions of the Court were, in so many cases, final, everyone came prepared and furnished to secure, if possible, a victory for his client. No motion for a new trial on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of

evidence, or that there had been an improper reception or rejection of evidence, or that the damages were excessive, could be the subject of further appeal. The system which has succeeded, of allowing appeals in nearly all cases to the House of Lords, only confers advantages upon the wealthy suitor.

The present generation may well pause, in its pursuit of light and trifling literature, to read the dignified and impressive language of the Chief Justice in the introductory portion of his masterly summing-up in the 'monster case' (as the Chief called it) of *Saurin v. Star and Kennedy*. The action was brought by the plaintiff, a professed Sister of Mercy, against the mother superior and a professed sister of the same Order in a convent at Hull, to recover damages for assault and conspiracy to drive her from the convent and have her expelled from the Order. On the twentieth day of the trial, February 26, 1869, Cockburn summed up. The Court presented a scene never to be forgotten. It was crowded to excess. On either side of the judicial seat stood many noblemen and members of Parliament. Ladies of distinction were accommodated with seats on the 'Master's' tier, immediately below the judicial bench. Addressing the jury in impressive tones, the Chief said :

I must warn you not to allow any religious preferences to operate to the advantage of the one party and to the disadvantage of the other. You may look on convent life as an object of dislike; but I warn you that no such consideration must for a single moment influence your decision. You may think that the withdrawing of women from the sphere for which they were destined, that the attempt to obliterate human instincts and to chill human affection, or at all events to repress them within the narrower bounds and limits of an artificial, cold, and unnatural life, is contrary to the voice of nature and to the ordinance of God. You may also think that, although man's object through his passage here should be to look forward to eternity and prepare for it, yet that the passage to heaven lies through the world in which we are placed, and that man's service to God is never wholly and entirely fulfilled except when he discharges those duties, domestic and social, which are incident to the life which he is called upon to pass through. You may think, too, that the more generous emotions and finer sentiments and perceptions of the human soul, as also the religious sentiment itself, must lose rather than gain by this life of monotonous observance of trivialities—petty, pitiful observances, which you have heard described. But, gentlemen, we have nothing to do with these considerations. This is not a case in which Protestant parents complain that their daughter has been inveigled into a convent and subjected to restraint when she wished to leave it, and had experienced other ill-treatment. You are dealing with a case in which parents do not complain, and in which the plaintiff does not complain of having entered a convent. I listened to the observations of the learned Solicitor-General, at the outset of his address to you, upon the subject of convent life, with all the satisfaction that one feels when one hears one's own opinions supported by cogent reasoning and expressed in eloquent language; but I own to you that his observations

sounded to me startling, as coming from one who was the advocate of the plaintiff, who, so far from seeking to decry this convent life, declared that her aspiration from the beginning was, and now is, and will be to the end, to be and continue a nun—in the words of our great poet, to

Endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all her life.

It therefore would certainly be improper, if in a case of this kind, any religious feeling should mix itself up as a disturbing element in the consideration of the rights of the parties. To try this case properly, you must try it justly; you must try it as though you were twelve right-minded Catholics, members of the Roman Catholic Church, accepting as a common *datum*, common to both parties, the convent, and especially accepting it with unlimited powers in the superior and unqualified subjection in the subordinates. Unless you do that, unless you put both parties on a common ground, you cannot do justice to them.

The second court on the right hand, as you entered Westminster Hall, was the Great Court of Exchequer. It was fifty-two feet long by thirty-one feet seven inches wide, and twenty-six feet in height. In this court Lord Lyndhurst sat, for four years, with great distinction, as Chief Baron, after having fulfilled the offices of Master of the Rolls and Lord Chancellor. He resigned the post of Chief Baron in November. 1834, on his being appointed Chancellor, in the first Administration of Sir Robert Peel. Lyndhurst held the office of Chief Baron, and presided in the Court of Exchequer for some days after he had received the Great Seal, and been sworn into the office of Lord Chancellor.

Here, in this court, Sir James Scarlett, as Lord Abinger, was Chief Baron for ten years, deciding many important commercial causes, and laying down principles which are acknowledged as a portion of the common law. He was succeeded in his high office by Sir Frederick Pollock, who held the office of Chief Baron for twenty-two years. He was followed by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, a man remarkable for the dignity and independence with which he exercised his judicial functions, retaining his intellectual force and the beauty of his complexion, until the age of eighty. In this court the great question was discussed and decided respecting the seizure of the vessel *Alexandra*, when it was suggested that the vessel, in violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act, had been fitted out and furnished to render assistance to the Confederates during the great American Civil War. In this court could be frequently seen fifteen judges sitting to determine questions reserved for the Court of Criminal Appeal. In this court, also, before all the judges, Mr. Benjamin, of great and deserved fame, argued successfully that a

captain of a foreign vessel killing by negligence an Englishman on board an English vessel, at a distance of more than a mile from the English coast, was not subject to the jurisdiction of any Criminal courts in the United Kingdom.

Between the Court of Queen's Bench and the Court of Exchequer was the small Court of Exchequer Chamber. In this small court, consisting generally of seven judges, the most important appeals from the different Common Law Courts were heard. The judges of the Court of Exchequer Chamber consisted of all the judges, with the exception of those of the Court from which the appeal was brought. Thus, if the appeal was from a decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, the judges would be those of the Courts of Exchequer and Common Pleas. It was in this small Court that Sir Hugh Cairns argued, with the utmost subtlety and force, that the Exchequer Chamber had no jurisdiction to entertain an appeal from the decision of the Court of Exchequer, pronounced in the trial for the fitting out of the vessel *Alexandra*. Four of the judges accepted the view of Sir Hugh Cairns, a view confirmed on appeal by the House of Lords. Sir Hugh Cairns seldom appeared in Westminster Hall without making his supremacy felt.

This little Court of Exchequer Chamber was used in term time for the trial of common jury causes, entered in the Exchequer. Here, for many years, these causes were heard before Barons Martin, Bramwell, and Channell. It is not too much to say that these judges kept a school of law for the young practitioners. Many barristers attended the Exchequer sittings besides those who were actually engaged. Here on a Monday morning, there was always a list of undefended cases, in which the defendant had pleaded but had given notice he did not intend to appear at the trial of the issues. The pleadings generally put the petitioner to the proof of every part of his case, and the supply of proper proof by the plaintiff was watched by these eminent judges with scrutinising care. Sometimes the petitioner was non-suited, owing to the want of attention on the part of counsel or solicitor to what were called 'undefended actions.' How frankly Baron Bramwell would withdraw an expression of legal opinion and freely acknowledge he had been mistaken! On such occasions, he always recalled to my mind a famous sentence of Curran: 'It may be given to a Hale or a Hardwicke to discover and retract a mistake; the errors of such men are only specks that arise for a moment on the surface of a splendid luminary; consumed by its heat or irradiated by its

light, they soon purge or disappear.' Juries sometimes gave decisions in direct opposition to the views the Baron himself entertained. The jury regarded his quiet irony and sarcasm as the solemn convictions of his mind. Baron Martin was remarkable for his devotion to duty. He never rose at four o'clock, if the extension of the sitting for an hour or more would conclude the case. His summing up to the jury was generally short, and his direction in point of law so clear and simple that a jury scarcely ever failed to apprehend him rightly. He was constantly throwing out practical suggestions for the instruction of counsel. On one occasion when it was submitted there was no case to go to the jury, the counsel for the plaintiff stated that he had in his opinion *proved* his case.

Young man (said the Judge), do not say that. You have at present proved nothing: you have placed before the jury and myself some evidence. I will tell you what you have proved, when the jury give their verdict. You are bound to supply evidence in support of all the allegations which make up your case. There are four such allegations; in respect of three you have given direct evidence. In respect of the fourth—namely, that Johnson was the agent of the defendant—you have given no direct evidence. It is only rarely you can do so in the case of alleged agency. It will be enough if you have given evidence of facts from which the jury may properly infer the existence of such agency. I think you have given such evidence. I shall let the case go to the jury, and I shall tell them, after considering any evidence offered by the defendant, they may find a verdict in your favour if they believe in substance the evidence you have presented. Do not deprive the jury of their judgment by telling them you have *proved* your case. Leave them free to form their own opinion; reason with them gently and simply upon the evidence, and you may lead them at your will.

What would Baron Martin have said if counsel asserted before him that he had *proved* his case up to the *hilt*? I think he would have said, 'I don't sit here to test swords but to try causes.'

The next and third court on the right, leading out from Westminster Hall, was the Court of Common Pleas. It was forty-one feet in length, thirty-three feet in breadth, and twenty-four feet in height. The chiefs who presided in this court were Tindal, Wilde, Jervis, Cockburn, Erle, Bovill and Coleridge. It was in this court that the claim to the Tichborne Estates was tried. Eighty-five witnesses were heard in support of the claim, made by a man whom we now know to be Arthur Orton, a claim destroyed by the great speech of Sir John Coleridge, then Attorney-General, and the testimony of seventeen witnesses. Those, who heard the Attorney-General's cross-examination, will never forget its destructive force and withering contempt. It was in this court, during the trial of the civil action, that the claimant gave

an answer to the question of the Attorney-General which caused a thrill of horror to pass through all in court. The Claimant said, 'I most solemnly swear to my God that before I left on my foreign journey I seduced my cousin.' In respect of this answer he was, in the Court of Queen's Bench, found guilty of perjury. As the real man had been at school at Stonyhurst, and had received a fairly learned education, the cross-examination of the claimant as to his studies at Stonyhurst was most amusing, and convulsed the audience with laughter. Having stated that he had only a slight familiarity with Cæsar, he was asked in what language Cæsar wrote; he at once replied, 'I should think it was in Greek'; and being finally asked the meaning of the words '*Laus semper Deo*,' which could be seen on the buildings at Stonyhurst, he said they meant 'Laws of God for ever.'

In this Court of Common Pleas, the famous case of Kennedy v. Broun was argued at great length. In it, the plaintiff, Mr. Kennedy, a distinguished barrister and an accomplished scholar, sought to recover from the defendant, formerly Mrs. Swinfen, the sum of twenty thousand pounds, upon an account stated in respect of services rendered by the plaintiff to the defendant, as an advocate in the course of litigation. It was admitted on all hands, that Mr. Kennedy, by his strenuous and able exertions, had secured for the defendant the possession of an estate worth sixty thousand pounds. On the trial at Stafford, at the Spring Assizes, 1862, the jury found that Mr. Kennedy had told the truth when he said that for his services as an advocate, the defendant had admitted or acknowledged that she was indebted to him in the sum of twenty thousand pounds. The learned judge was of opinion that a barrister could maintain no action for his fees; that they are of an honorary character. He declined to nonsuit the plaintiff and entered a verdict for the plaintiff for twenty thousand pounds in conformity with the finding of the jury. He gave the defendant leave to move to set aside the verdict for the plaintiff and to enter a verdict for the defendant. A rule having been obtained accordingly, cause was shown by Mr. Kennedy on different days in the Trinity term and Michaelmas term, 1863. The court was crowded with barristers during the argument, although each one of them knew how the cause would end. They were grieved to see a man of such rare ability engaged in such a hopeless task. The judgment of the Court was delivered by Chief Justice Erle, a judgment that added greatly to his reputation. In the first few sentences it was

manifest that the opinion of the Court was in favour of the defendant. He said that he and his brethren were of opinion that the facts were no evidence to support the verdict, if the promise of the defendant did not constitute any obligation, 'and we are of opinion it did not. We consider that a promise by a client to pay money to a counsel for his advocacy, whether made before, or during, or after the litigation, has no binding effect, and furthermore, that the relation of counsel and client renders the parties mutually incapable of making any contract of hiring and service concerning advocacy in litigation.' After examining all the authorities cited by the plaintiff, the Chief Justice said: 'If the authorities were doubtful and it was necessary to resort to principle, the same proposition appears to us to be founded on good reason.' Then came, quite unexpected, a few sentences which awed the assembly and seemed to crush the plaintiff with an overwhelming blow: 'The facts of the present case forcibly show some of the evils which would attend both on the advocate and the client if the hiring of counsel was made binding. In this case, the advocate by disclosing words of intimate confidence, which passed in moments of helpless anxiety, has raised the *phantom* of a contract for a sum of monstrous amount; and of this we hope we may say, that there is no one in the profession of the plaintiff, who would be willing to accept this verdict for 20,000*l.* as a gift.'

Prior to the abolition of the Order of Serjeants, every member of the Bar on his elevation to the Bench must be made a serjeant. He thereby became the brother of all the other judges. The Court of Common Pleas was the only court in which the judge could be made a serjeant, and a way existed from the back of the court, to enable the judge to enter in front of the judges on the bench, and to come straight before them into the row in which Queen's counsel and serjeants sat. In order that the judge should be raised to the rank of serjeant, he must plead at the bar of the court, and in some real action, as it was called. All real actions could be commenced in the Court of Common Pleas only. Although most of the real actions were abolished so far back as 1834, yet three were preserved, in one of which the judge who was to become a serjeant could take part. He generally declared in an action of dower, or, as the phrase is, 'he counted in dower.' The last judge I saw waiting to become a serjeant was Sir John Duke Coleridge when he had been appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, at the close of the year 1873.

Next to the Court of Common Pleas was a small court in which common juries were tried both in and out of term. The next court was that of the Lord Chancellor, where he generally sat on the first day of term. It was afterwards used as the court for matrimonial and probate causes. On the top of some of these courts, and near the roof, were rooms which were sometimes used when an extra court was formed. Sometimes they were used for the sitting of arbitrators, to whose determination causes had been referred.

All these courts, as described, have ceased to exist, and visitors from other lands, desirous as they sometimes are to see the court in which the Claimant's civil action was heard, and the court where he was tried for perjury, cannot be shown them. It is hoped that, in the future, this article, slight and imperfect as some may regard it, may bring before the minds of such visitors the courts in which these and other great transactions took place.

'STRONG RICK O' TAXAL.'

SOMETHING over a hundred years ago, a line of pack-horses, attended by packmen, picked their way along the bridle-path of a hill lying between Cheshire and Derbyshire. The horses were well-groomed, the brass of the harness polished and shining, the smocks of the men fresh and clean; and in the harness and the men's hats were green twigs, for it was May Day and the sun shone. On the summit of the hill, at the foreman's word, the procession came to a standstill.

The foreman wore a coat with brass buttons, knee-breeches and gaiters, and the low-crowned hat of the time. He was a broad-shouldered, straight-limbed fellow of over six feet and of well-developed, even formidable physical power. They called him 'Strong Rick o' Taxal,' and there were some who regarded the pacific aspect of his tanned face and quiet grey eyes with respectful incredulity, as being a mere mask for eruptive possibilities, in the same way in which one may think of the green slope of a volcano.

He was in service to one Roger Shepley, a master-carrier, who held the carrying trade of the North Derbyshire hills in his hands. Shepley lived at Taxal, where he had a house of his own and stables and many horses. The coming and going of 'Shepley's Packs' was a kind of spectacle to the little town.

The summit of the hill where that afternoon the pause was made was Jenkyn Chapel—so named from a little building of millstone-grit tucked against the hill-side and fast blackening in colour. This had been erected by some Methodist enthusiast, and accentuated rather than reclaimed the loneliness and bleakness of the scene. But at the moment the long line of men and horses with the jingling harness wakened the solitude to the lively and picturesque. Rick turned to survey the packs with an air of pride as the men threw themselves on the turf for rest. To-day it was all good merchandise: silk and cotton stuffs, and hose—the famous 'rib'—from Derbyshire, and silk again gathered from the weavers of Macclesfield. They were returning to Taxal merely for counting-house purposes, rest, and a change of horses, and would then convey the goods over the hills by way of Marple into Stockport and other towns.

Attached to the house of Roger Shepley was an office, where one Chantrell, a clerk, bent day by day over a desk and filled pages of ledgers with neat accounts. Rick was inclined to envy Chantrell his privilege of remaining at home in constant proximity to the master's daughter. The eyes of Nancy Shepley were brown, her figure shapely and slim, her smile a break of sunshine on a comely face; and there was a way with her, something between puritanic reserve and tenderness, which made the heart of Rick feel foolish in his big strong body.

Rick did not know when his devotion to Nancy began, for he had come to Master Shepley's service as a boy. But he knew that it is a perilous thing to love one's master's only child; not that there was real disparity of rank, but Shepley was a prosperous man whose carrying trade was a monopoly which even the construction of Brindley's canals had left untouched. So that Rick deemed his Nancy to be an object for dumb worship and faithful waiting only.

Meanwhile his life contented him; of one thing he was even very glad, and that was of his strength. He remembered the sparkle in her eye when at Taxal 'Waits' three years ago, he wrestled with 'Red Jock,' the Derby Champion, and threw him, winning thereby not only the prize but the name which was his pride. It was the day after the match that Nancy appeared in the yard to speak kind words to the men, giving to each a piece of new-baked gingerbread and a handful of nuts as a 'fairing.' His way she did not glance; he alone was left out in the cold; and with sorrowful heart, wondering what ill he had done, he fixed the bridle about the head of his horse, 'Owd Leader.' And then, on a sudden, round the big haunches of the animal she came, stroking his side and murmuring cheering words, so that the beast pricked his ears and turned his head. Rick saw her approach through a kind of mist. Then he felt her hand brush his and found that she thrust into it a little gift, not nuts or gingerbread, but something he could hold as a keepsake. And she stood on tiptoe as though to whisper, and, very gladly stooping his head to hers, he caught words that sank to his heart and stayed there.

'Rick,' said she, 'thou should use that strength o' thine. But let it be gently and for good, and never to harm mortal man.'

Since then he had practised his strength as a gift to be perfected, and had laid it on himself to do some daily service beyond his stipulated duty, if such came his way. He thought of the words

as he rested that afternoon at Jenkyn Chapel and looked over the valley to Taxal. Later on in the day the pack-horses came into the town, and the children left their play and ran to meet them.

Amongst the folk who loitered by the way was Nancy, and Rick's heart stirred with joy when he saw her. But the joy was instantly erased by the sharpest pain he had ever known. By her side stood a well-dressed stranger whom he recognised as 'a fine gentleman,' though his handsome appearance differed from the Squire's or the Parson's, or, indeed, from any other with whom Rick was acquainted. He was talking with Nancy, and the careless remark he uttered at the moment fell on Rick's ear.

'Monstrous fine pair that man and horse, Miss Nancy!' ran the words.

This pairing of him with a beast to his admired Nancy aroused a sudden gusty fury in the breast of Rick, so that only the routine of habit kept him in his place and saved him from turning aside to menace the stranger with his fist. As it was, he walked on with his swinging gait and brought the procession neatly into the master's yard, though with thunder on his brow. Here the only person to receive him was Chantrell, who stood looking from the open window of the office.

Rick had no liking for Chantrell, but what is the good of hating a creature whose neck you could twist with two fingers of your left hand? Chantrell, a shambling figure in rusty black, with ever a quill behind the ear, had been in the office as long as Rick had been in the yard; his dislike was a slight unnoticeable deposit beneath ordinary kindness of bearing. The feelings of Chantrell towards Rick were, on the contrary, an active poisonous hate carefully concealed. He hated the sight of the tall well-built figure in the yard; he hated him because he was strong and big and serviceable and had easy authority over other men; he hated him again because of the way the master treated him, calling him 'lad' and joking with him; but in chief he hated him because he knew that Rick loved Nancy. Chantrell, though he seemed a creature just creeping from day to day through his task, had his ambition, which was indeed 'vaulting,' being nothing less than to marry Nancy and to stand in the master's shoes in the end. Now, in Rick he fancied he saw an obstacle to the fulfilment of his dream.

He sprang nimbly out of the window into the yard.

'I'll check the goods,' said he. 'Th' maister's out.'

The work took time. When it was over, Rick turned wearily

to the house, where rest and an evening meal awaited him. But Chantrell stopped him.

'There's been goings-on o' late,' said he in an eager whisper; 'sich goings-on!'

'If thou's aught to tell, out wi' it,' said Rick gloomily.

'There's a stranger i' Taxal. He lies at the inn. Him and Miss Nancy are acquaint, and morning, noon, and night he's to and from the inn. He'll be i' parlour wi' Miss Nancy, or he'll smoke a pipe wi' th' maister. He's a grand gen'leman.' He paused, then artfully added: 'It looks like running forward to a wedding.'

'What's that to thee and me?'

Rick's feelings were as one stung by a thousand gnats. He passed into the house and the kitchen, where all the peaceful comfort he was wont to expect received him—the spotless cleanliness, the slow sound of the eight-day clock, the singing kettle, the glow, the smell of oat-cake drying. But for the first time in his life he pushed the meal aside unfinished.

Next day he and the pack-horses were off over the hills Marple way, and some time elapsed before he returned with Manchester wares and parcels for delivery in Derbyshire.

This time the master came into the yard to check the goods. That had been welcome enough to Rick had he not been followed by some one else. This was none other than the stranger, who bade him courteously 'Good-day,' and stood in his fine clothes near the doorway, holding in his hand a kind of writing-board, over which, as Rick presently noted, his pencil began to move rapidly, while his penetrating glance was constantly and furtively directed on himself. To what end? Rick, remembering the phrase which had fired him before, arrived at the conviction that this was some new scheme by which to belittle him in Nancy's eyes. The blood sprang to his ears and he became confused in the reckoning, hesitating and repeating himself, which brought a sharp reprimand from the master.

'Art gone daft, lad?' said he.

An echo to the question came in a light good-natured laugh from the stranger, who tucked the board under his arm and came forward to take a long look, with smiling eyes, right into Rick's face. Rick's countenance as he glanced back was grim enough.

'I could kill him if I hit out wi' my left,' thought he. 'But it's the likes o' him women draw to, and not the likes o' me.'

His veins tingled with unspeakable rage and the muscles of his

throat and heart seemed to swell to bursting. Oh that a man should be strong for nought! When the stranger linked his arm in the master's and both turned from the yard into the road, he gave a sigh of relief. But as he thus wrestled with his feelings and his strength, Chantrell craned his neck from the office window.

'Hist!' cried he mysteriously.

'What's agate now?' said Rick gloomily.

Chantrell beckoned with his finger.

'Come into th' house. There's a summat I can show thee. Thou shouldna miss it.'

And Rick, poor fool, left his work and went in.

He glanced at the kitchen as he passed by; no one was there, but it was filled with sunshine and the soft peaceful sound of the clock; the feeling of it clasped him as with a sense of lost quiet hours and a home that slips from one.

Chantrell was in the passage and Rick followed to the parlour door, which Chantrell opened confidently. Rick, in sudden perturbation, removed his hat, not because anyone was there, but because the place seemed to breathe the presence of Nancy. On the table lay a portfolio; and from this Chantrell drew a sheet of paper which he placed suddenly under Rick's eyes. Rick started, then bent his head to gaze; for he saw a coloured sketch of Nancy—one so lifelike, so admirable, that his sick thoughts vanished in frank delight.

'There's others,' murmured Chantrell.

And he drew sketch after sketch from the case, until Rick was bewildered at the many presentments of a form so tenderly dear. No need to ask whose the hand that drew them! A kind of awe began to dawn in his heart for the man who could thus reproduce Nancy's way of turning her head and the lie of the little curls on the creamy nape of her neck, and withal bring to the pictures a softness, a refinement of beauty, which in truth was something beyond what his own poor eyes had noted. He laid down the last sketch without a word and with a trembling hand.

'What dost think on 'em?' asked Chantrell sharply.

'That they're just to my liking,' said Rick.

'Thou knows what it means when a mon makes a pictur' of a lass o'er and o'er?'

'Ay, I know,' answered Rick sadly.

'Eh, dear!' murmured Chantrell as he carefully replaced the sketches. 'What did he come fra Lunnon for, t' mak' mischief 'ere?'

If I were a strong 'un I'd just tak' 'im and drop 'im i' Kinderscout Moss. What's thy strength for if thou canst do nowt wi' it ?'

The words of Chantrell stung the ears of Rick and whispered on and on. His next journey was to be a short one, by way of Whaley Bridge and Hayfield to Glossop ; it was to his sorrow that the errand would not long detain him ; for the outdoor life, the rough passage with his beasts over roadless hills, eased the trouble in his heart. He wanted to keep from the place which by association had grown about him as home, but which, when he returned, now seemed as a torn and rifled nest. Moreover he needed the solitude, the grand wild stretches, the limitless skies, and chiefly he needed the sense of conquest over the tumultuous moors, the perilous mosses and mists, and of endurance through winds and storms of rain which every accomplished journey brought. For now the hours of his life, his coming and going, were filled with unwonted and heavy debate. He reflected bitterly that days had gone by since he had seen and spoken with Nancy. Chantrell, on the other hand, was a constant presence ; his dislike had become more active, yet he would look towards him in a kind of defiant expectation when he returned with the horses, and Chantrell would be ready with his ingenious whippers.

'I see him try and buss her i' the passage, and she let out wi' her hond and caught him one on 's ear. And he nobbut laughed,' he might tell.

And Rick's mouth would shut tight. Why did Chantrell want to torture him in this way ? Chantrell became more and more satisfied with the look his whippers summoned. One day he ventured a step further.

'Him and Miss Nancy were i' parlour their lone this morning. I wonder at Mistress Shepley, I do so. It bain't seemly, to my thinking. Th' maister should keep a look-out. He's a fine Lunnon gen'lemon, and they do say——'

At that point he paused astounded. Rick had turned with blazing eyes and uttered a tremendous oath. Strong language was forbidden in the master's household, and was indeed no habit of Rick's. Chantrell stood silent in mingled horror and delight, then sidled up for one more whisper :

'Think on Kinderscout Moss, mon. I tell thee thy chance is coming to thee.'

May slipped away towards June and the stranger still lingered in the town. Rick's humour fell more and more to the taciturn

and gloomy; for his strength had become a sore and terrible companion and to keep it in bounds the hourly business to which he was bent. He thirsted for the opportunity of Samson, who cast his arms about the pillars of the house and brought it down upon his foes and on himself. His agony had been less could he have seen and spoken with Nancy. But Nancy avoided him, or the stranger would be near. His sole refuge was his work, and the only mitigation of his pain the lonely tempestuous moors.

The difficult days crept on to Whitsuntide. One morning the master entered the yard in a holiday mood and informed him that an expedition was planned. It was the desire of the London stranger to cross the heights of Kinderscout, and to descend by way of Cocksbridge and Hathersage upon Castleton. He begged that Rick would guide them over the wild solitude by the bridle-paths he had often traversed. The party would consist of his daughter, the stranger and himself, and Chantrell the clerk. Three horses would be necessary, one for Miss Nancy, one between the stranger and himself, and 'Owd Leader' for the light baggage and in case of fatigue to any.

'I reckon Chantrell had liefer ride than walk,' said the master with a twinkle.

Rick nodded; he could make no objection, though the moisture sprang to his brow as he reflected that the safety of every member of the party lay in the hollow of his hand, and that his yearning to be in the situation of Samson when he stood in the house of the Philistines was, in effect, fulfilled.

They started on Thursday morning and the day was fine. Nancy tripped into the yard in a new white gown; about her shoulders was a rough warm cloak and her hat was tied by a silken kerchief over her ears. When it came to lifting her to the saddle, Rick stood aside and the stranger stepped forward. Glancing at her a moment later, Rick saw that she was seated and her cloak folded carefully about her; but under her hat her eyes were sombre and her cheeks had an unwonted flush.

The first day's journey was to Hayfield, which lies to the north-west. The move across Kinderscout to Cocksbridge—the most difficult part of the journey—would be undertaken on the Friday. Rick had no anticipation of pleasure; he braced himself rather for endurance, moving amidst this show of holiday-making as in a dark perplexing dream and fighting hour by hour with a gloomy concentrated rage.

'I'll shut my eyes and stick to my duty,' he sighed as he wiped the moisture of mental agony from his brow. 'I'll stick to it, and see if that road I can bring myself safely through.'

After an hour or so on the way Nancy seemed to recover her spirits; her laugh was a little louder, not so softly rippling as it was wont to be. Why was that? Turning his head, he saw that she had reined in her horse; and he, as in duty bound, pulled up 'Owd Leader.' Then he perceived that she looked down with heightened colour to the stranger, who was on foot by her side, and who again held that board and that rapid pencil, and cast keen furtive glances towards himself. The master rode up hastily.

'Get on, lad!' cried he. 'Get on! They've their joke atwixt 'em, and there's no call to wait.'

At the moment Chantrell, sickened of the trudge, climbed to the back of 'Owd Leader' and flung himself among the baggage, from behind which he made shift to send his cunning whisper.

'They're very thick together, as thou sees, and they're making fun o' thee. Thou'lt have *thy* game on t' Moss, mon. And it's nobbut fair thou should.'

Rick uttered no word. His strength had turned to a mad-dened impulse, his muscles twitching and his arms yearning to strike right and left. Was there not enough for him to bear without this open ridicule? And since when had she learnt to be ungentle?

They reached Hayfield and the inn, and Rick breathed a sigh of relief. It was safer among strangers and the bustle to and fro of a prosperous house. Likely, too, he could hide among the men and maids and take his food with them. But no such thing. The master on a holiday was Rick's equal and no more, and he summoned him to table with the rest.

Rick came sullenly and sat at first with his eyes bent to his plate; but Nancy and the stranger were opposite; it was impossible to avoid observing the superior manners and pleasant bearing of the London gentleman, which indeed struck Rick as being something far beyond his own attainment. For a moment his pain was abated by the reflection that this man of kindly speech and airs urbane, who could make pictures so beautiful of Nancy, was worthier than himself, and his own wrath unjust. Thinking it, towards the end of the meal he raised his sorrowful eyes and took a long hungry look at the girl who for years had been his daily companion, and was suddenly, he knew not how or why, removed so far away that he dared not speak with her. And Nancy's glance

met his. For an instant the colour blazed into her cheeks and a flash seemed to come to her face; then she turned to chat laughingly, confidently, to the stranger.

That was the moment when the master, who sat at the head of the table in a clean frilled shirt and his best broadcloth coat, called for pipes and tobacco—his preference was the long clay—and asked Rick for a song. Rick moved his great shoulders uneasily and his fingers grasped the table with a grip to snap the wood. Then he sighed gently and cleared his throat. He reckoned he could keep a hold on himself until the morning. Why disturb the evening with an outbreak of his rage and grief? So his fingers dropped from the table, he turned sideways, threw up his chin, and delivered himself of the required song in his melodious bass. The singing eased him, for he poured into it his passion and despair; as he sang he was aware of the master's hand lifted gently and in vast contentment up and down in time to the music. But as he ended, his eye, flickering Nancy's way, caught the stranger again at work on his board and stealing furtive glances towards him. Rick drew a sharp breath and his eyes moved round the circle; on the face of Chantrell was a grin, Nancy's lids were lowered but her lips laughed, even in the genial face of the master was a twinkling smile. At that Rick sadly dropped his head, marvelling that a change so complete should have passed over those with whom all the years of his grown-up life he had lived in amity. He thought of himself simply as a witless fool who suffered, and folding his hands upon the table, almost as a child at grace, sat silent with bent head before them. A stillness fell upon the circle, save that the stranger's fingers flew the faster over the paper and Chantrell's glance roamed from face to face in search of an answer to his mocking grin. It was Rick himself who broke the spell. Rising from his chair and looking at none save the master, he summoned to his voice what good cheer he could.

'Weel, maister, I'll bid yo' good neet,' said he. 'Th' 'osses will be looking for me. I should gi'e 'em a taste o' woat-cake afore bedtime.'

The stables were his refuge. With an arm cast about the neck of 'Owd Leader' and eyes raised to the dusty rafters, he sent his perplexed thoughts heavenward, gasping out prayers for so much patience as would bring him in safety over Kinderscout Moss on the morrow.

He slept like a child—that was the wonderful truth; in spite

of the great sorrow and trouble of his mind and the rage of his splendid manhood, he slept.

In the morning, at an early hour, they set out on the journey across Kinderscout to the Cocksbridge Inn. There was no way save the bridle-paths, and these dim tracks were known only to Rick; the safety of everyone lay in the hollow of his hand, as he knew, and as Chantrell took care to remind him.

'Now's thy turn, mon! Thou may laugh o' thy side now. Eh! but he made game o' thee last neet to Miss Nancy.'

After a stiff climb, which Chantrell at Rick's beckon felt compelled to take on his feet, they came to the great moors. The influence of their lonely vastness fell upon the party—so trackless and solitary did the sweeping spaces seem, far lifted from earth and lying open to the eye and breath of heaven. The stranger's face filled with awe and admiration, and his eyes moved slowly from point to point, drinking in what they saw. Even Chantrell was silent. He was on the lookout for the famous Featherbed Moss, but he knew neither the aspect of a Moss nor the spot to find it. Rick, whose limbs had stretched and straightened the moment the blessed airs touched his cheek, held 'Owd Leader's' bridle and walked with his swinging, untired gait and said not a word nor turned his head. On and on they went, until Chantrell, now again among the light baggage, wondered which was the worse thing, to climb the rugged hill with stiffening joints, or to endure, for long spaces of time, the constant motion of a horse beneath him. He could not see Rick's face. Rick kept his head straight while his vigilant eyes searched for the path or were at watch on the weather. For in these bleak regions unlooked-for treacherous baffling mists are apt to hug the wayfarer, or the storm to sweep up with sudden furious wings.

But why did not Rick take the horses off this rough path and lead them to that long stretch of even sward? What a dolt-head to keep them shaking and jogging here! Chantrell dared point no question; something in Rick's eye last time he glanced his way warned him from speech, but he was satisfied that his suggestions worked. So he lay among the baggage with expectation of the culminating moment working in his breast like a gimlet. Glancing back, he saw that the stranger rode behind on the masters' horse in a great abstraction, and that the master walked by his daughter's side, his hand upon her saddle. The figure of Nancy was slightly collapsed and her head drooped in melancholy fashion.

Then, with a start, Chantrell perceived that they were descending. But where was the Moss? As far as he could see, every thing was much as it had been, save that the greenish level stretch had vanished. Then came the glimpse of a rough wall of limestone, which was the first sign of man's work they had seen for hours; not long afterwards appeared a cluster of chimneys and the side of a house.

'Is yon the inn, Rick?' shouted the master.

'Ay,' responded Rick, without turning his head.

'I dunno but I'm fain,' remarked the elder man.

But Chantrell, his face working with dismay, wriggled forward to speak low.

'Wheer's t' Moss, mon? We hannot passed it?'

'We han walked beside it most part o' t' road.'

As he led the horses to the front of the inn, Rick turned his head and it was possible for the rest of the party to see his face. And it was grey and worn and old in seeming, and in his eyes was a wild look as of one who has come through a great stress.

The inn at Cocksbridge was lively with the earliest holiday-makers, and there was not room to sup in seclusion as at Hayfield; all must find their places as they could at the common table. And this was convenient to Rick, who could lose himself among the increasing throng. Next day they came on by Bamford and Hathersage to Castleton, where, according to the master's plan, they were to put up for a couple of days' rest and pleasure. But when they arrived, Rick, who dreaded inaction, declared his intention of taking the horses to the stables to which they were accustomed, and of himself putting up at the small inn near. He spoke with gruff decision; the master eyed him shrewdly and took a pinch of snuff, then turned away to seek quarters more commodious for the rest.

Rick, however, was far from securing the peace he needed. In the evening, as he smoked his pipe on the bench outside the inn, he perceived Chantrell approaching, his face a-work with news.

'I've come t' sit a bit and cheer thee up,' said the clerk, edging towards the bench.

'Hast?' replied Rick, removing his pipe to utter the word and then replacing it.

'Ay, I've news for thee.'

Rick's eyelid flickered. For the rest he smoked imperturbably.

'The Lunnon gen'lemon's been making pictur's for th' company, and he showed 'em pictur's he'd made o' thee. A pictur' wi' thy mouth wide open. Eh! They did laugh. And Miss Nancy there and all.'

Rick said nothing.

'Thou should come and jine i' t' sport.'

'Should I?' said Rick.

'Weel, I want t' see thee punse 'im.'

'Dost?' said Rick.

'By Gum, I do.'

Rick was silent.

'But, I tell thee, mon, there's these 'ere rocks about. We shall mount 'em belike. Thou wast a fu' t' miss t' Moss. But I dunno but what there's a chance left thee yet.'

Rick knocked the ash out of his pipe and turned into the house.

The next morning, being Whitsunday, he saw Nancy in a white gown, with an apple-green ribbon in her hat and the colour of a ripe red apple in her cheek, pass down the street between her father and the stranger towards the church. Chantrell walked behind with a Prayer-book in his hand. Rick had been brought up to attend service regularly, and of late years he had found it peace and joy to sit in the pew with Nancy. To-day he felt that the walls and roof of a church could not hold him. So he went out and climbed to a brow of the famous Winnats and lay down.

Under his ignorance and unsophisticatedness was a fine intelligence; he used it now in seeking for some sane, calming thought which might assuage the mighty perturbation he was in. How long he lay he did not know, but roused suddenly to find that the sun shone from the west. He sat up amazed at the quick passage of time; and then, with a great sick throb of the heart, perceived the figure of the stranger seated not far from him, on the edge of the desperate rock. There he sat motionless, lost in contemplation of the wild beauty of the scene.

Rick sank back on the turf and covered his eyes with his hand; his heart began to beat like a sledge-hammer. He knew the abrupt breakneck escarpment—the danger of the place; and it clamoured in his ears that they two were alone together. Under the clamour his mind seemed to fall away into a blank, wherein nothing existed save the consciousness of the stranger and himself. He lay still, panting in the midst of this horrible turmoil. Then he became aware of a sliding motion near, as though some one slipped warily along

the grass towards him; and under the beating in his ears he caught a low eager whisper:

'Hist, mon! Thou hast him now! Eh! If thou'dst seen 'em at service! They had but a book atwixt 'em and t'one and t'ither held a side on't. And theer stood th' maister singing wi' his chest out. To my mind it's time he had his e'e on Miss Nancy.'

Rick's big chest heaved, but he did not remove his hand from his face.

'I see him and Miss Nancy looking at the pictur' he made o' thee this morning,' continued the hissing whisper; 'they held it afore their faces, but I see him whisper i' her ear—I *dunno* as there were more. I *hope* there werena. But what I do know is, she come out wi' her face afire.'

Rick's movement, as he sat up, was sudden, and his face, when he uncovered it, white as death, with the nostrils dilated. His aspect set Chantrell athrill between fear and ecstasy at his own success. He edged away for a moment, then returned, slinking behind so as to cast his words over Rick's shoulder.

'Thou may save her yet, mon! Theer he sits like one daft, staring at nowt. Thou hast but to stumble on t' turf and he's over. I'll take my Davy I'll niver let on but 'twere a kind o' landslip did it.'

Rick sprang to his feet, and Chantrell beheld his face as he had never seen the face and eyes of mortal man before. He had a moment of breathless triumph and expectation. Then came a roar as of an angry bull, and upon himself a mighty grip; and he felt himself snatched from the ground and hoisted into the air, and swung above Strong Rick's head as one may swing some trifling rubbish for a throw; then he was swung forward and held suspended over the grey jagged side of the rock, clutching at nothing, for a time sufficient to give his starting eyes an appalling glimpse of his desperate situation.

'Rick!'

The cry was in Nancy's voice, and was a curious commingling of triumph and hysterical laughter.

Rick, his feet gripping the turf, swung his victim up and then round and held him dangling like a rag doll in his hands, and from thence, without a word, tossed him deftly, gently, into a brown harmless springy tuffet of heather.

'Theer!' said he, drawing a big breath. 'I feel a deal better.

I han cleared my harrisht thoughts out o' my mind that way; as for yon weary whispering wastrel, I reckon he's settled.'

The face of Nancy was white, with a spot of deep red in either cheek, and her eyes were dark and moist; but she still laughed. Rick stood, with his legs apart and his arms akimbo, looking down on her and cheerfully smiling. The stranger from London had sauntered up with some show of interest; his face, too, had a cast of pallor. Rick took no notice; he continued to look steadily at Nancy, whose eyes clung to his.

'Nancy, my lass,' said he, 'I han had an ill time. My heart ached to think I mun lose thee, and still will ache. For my love for thee's a great one and clings like my own life to me. But hearken, lass! If thou's found a mon to thy fancy—weel! God bless thee. And if thou gets a laugh out o' me and my roughness—weel! Why not? Anywhers, Nancy, God bless thee!'

'Oh, Rick! Rick! Didst thou believe his lies? He lied to me too!' She spared a second to shake a fist at the motionless shape just discernible among the heather. 'But Rick! Rick! Why didstna thou speak before? And me wearing my heart out for weeks and months, wearing my heart out for love of thee!'

The cry, tender, true, spontaneous, broke as sudden music, and the arms of her lover caught her.

When Chantrell recovered sufficiently from his mortal terror to emerge from the heather, he saw that Rick stood with bent head clasping Nancy in his arms; that the stranger, hat in hand, mused pleasantly on the scene from a discreet distance; and that the master stood by beaming on the couple in the liveliest content.

On his wedding-day Rick was amazed to receive a packet of considerable size from London. On opening it, he found a picture painted in oils. The scene was the inn at Cocksbridge, and the figures were seated about a table. There was the master smoking his long clay and placidly lifting his hand as he was wont when listening to music. There was Nancy in white, the sweetest picture of a woman, gazing in adoring love at the chief figure in the frame. This was a young man from whose lips and brown throat one almost heard the music pouring. Rick started, and a flush came to his brow.

'Eh! Nancy, sweetheart! That's thee; but this is none o' me. 'Tis a sight too handsome!'

The picture was signed 'Thomas Lawrence, R.A.'

EMMA BROOKE.

ELECTRIC WAVES AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

FIVE years ago, in the month of February, in the year 1902, Mr. Marconi, travelling across the Atlantic in the steamship *Philadelphia*, received a 'wireless message' printed in ordinary Morse type from his station at Poldhu, near the Lizard. To-day such messages pass hourly between ships at sea, and from ships at sea to stations on land, and 'wireless telegraphy' has become a matter of such general importance that as I sit down to write this article representatives of the nations are assembled in Berlin to consider and, if possible, to regulate the various political and commercial interests involved in the new art. But in 1902 the thing was unique. How was it done? Who made it possible? And what is the physical basis of this newest invention built up with such mushroom-like rapidity by modern physicists? One thing seems clear. The man who 'pressed the button' in 1902 was Mr. Marconi. But who set him to work? Who started the idea? And what equipment of data did the pathfinders provide for their successors? Was it Faraday, working, for the sake of quiet, first in a cellar at the Royal Institution, and later at the Shot Tower by Waterloo Bridge? Was it James Clerk Maxwell, the originator of the famous system of equations known as 'Maxwell's Theory,' or was it Hertz, with his 'philosophical experiments' and their epoch-making results, who gave the impulse? Was it to one or all of these great pioneers that we owe the marvels of wireless telegraphy, and what was the nature of their contributions to the subject? Here we have problems enough to demand a whole number of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for their solution. What can we do with them in a single article?

It will simplify our task a good deal if I say at once that, looking at the matter from the physical point of view and in the simplest way, there is no essential difference between the flickers of light used as signals by a savage tribesman when he waves a beacon to warn his friends a few miles away of the approach of danger, and the invisible signals sent over the ocean from the station at Poldhu. The savage with his torch and the highly trained electrician at

Poldhu each in his own way generates waves in that 'ether' which, as we believe, permeates every speck of matter and fills every nook and cranny of the universe, and the success of the signal in the one case as in the other depends upon those waves falling upon a suitable receiver, the human eye or some substitute for the eye, at the end of their journey through space. And yet there is this difference between the light waves produced by the savage and the electric waves generated at Poldhu. The latter, to put it very broadly, for there is a big gap, may be said to begin where the former cease. For, while light waves are so small that many thousands of them can be packed within the compass of a single inch, electric waves are so big that they may be feet, miles, or even thousands of miles in length. In all essential qualities, however, except in size, light waves and electrical waves, so far as we know at present, are identical. The human eye is responsive to the small waves, but not to the big waves. That is why the big waves were not recognised until a special instrument had been constructed for the purpose.

The first electrician to construct an instrument which would detect electric waves, and the first to recognise an electric wave, was Heinrich Hertz. His account of his experiments was done into English a few years ago by Mr. D. E. Jones, and published under the title of 'Electric Waves.'

The questions asked on the first page of this article now resolve themselves into two which are comparatively straightforward. How were electric waves discovered and identified with light waves? How have they been applied to 'Hertzian wave telegraphy' by Hertz's successors? Before we can gain answers to these two questions, simple as they seem, it will be necessary to go over some old ground, and recall for a moment some of the features of the wave theory of light. If we do not do this, much that follows will seem unconvincing and vague, except to those who already are familiar with the undulatory theory.

Light, as we all know, travels through space in straight lines with a velocity in air of about 186,000 miles per second. When a ray of light passing through the air or any other gas impinges on a solid object, such as a sheet of polished silver or glass, it may rebound, or be 'reflected'; or it may pass through the solid partly or wholly, according to circumstances, this being what occurs when the solid is transparent like glass or a diamond. In the latter case, as the ray enters the solid it is diverted from its original course,

or 'refracted,'¹ at the surface of the solid, and again diverted, but in the opposite sense, when it subsequently emerges from the denser and re-enters the rarer medium, the air. We all know, also, that ordinary white light is not homogeneous, but can be resolved into several components by means of a triangular glass prism, as Newton taught us in the seventeenth century. It is important to remember, further, that since Newton's time it has been discovered that all light is not visible to the human eye; that at our best we are but purblind creatures, and that besides the limited field of light corresponding to the coloured band known as the visible spectrum there are other luminous radiations to which the human retina does not respond. This invisible light has been detected at both ends of the spectrum, some beyond the visible rays at the violet end of the spectrum, and some beyond the visible part at the red end. Thus to the physicist of the twentieth century the term 'light' does not apply only to the light we see, but includes other rays which, though invisible to us, can be 'reflected,' 'refracted,' and polarised² like ordinary light. Radiations like the corpuscles of radium, which cannot be reflected, refracted, and polarised do not, in this sense constitute light, though they may generate light when they enter the eye.

If we could transport ourselves to the days of Newton, and listen to the discussions of the philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we should find one of the burning questions to be this—Can matter act where it is not? Is action at a distance through a perfect void possible or impossible? To Newton the idea that gravity might be innate, inherent and essential to matter, so that one body might attract another at a distance through a vacuum without the mediation of anything else, was an absurdity into which no man having a competent faculty of thinking in philosophical matters could possibly fall. To the thinkers of the later part of the eighteenth century, when the influence of Bosovich predominated, on the other hand, the notion that gravity or electric or magnetic attraction might be propagated by a medium seemed as wild and ridiculous as the idea that matter could act where it is not appeared to Newton a hundred years before. To-day

¹ Unless the ray falls perpendicularly upon the solid.

² When a beam of light falls perpendicularly upon a plate of tourmaline cut parallel to the axis of the crystal, only part of the incident light passes through the tourmaline, and the properties of the transmitted rays lead us to suppose that in these all the vibrations are executed in one plane, and transversely to the direction of the beam. Such light is said to be '*polarised*.'

the wheel has turned again, and, guided by Thomas Young, Fresnel, Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, and latest of all by Hertz, we again seek the aid of an 'ether' to account for the propagation of light, and to provide a medium through which and by which forces of attraction or repulsion seemingly acting at a distance are transmitted across space.

If we abandon the emission theory of Newton, which teaches us that every self-luminous body emits minute material particles which cause the sensation of light when they fall upon the retina, and adopt in its place the modern view that light and radiant heat consist of waves, it seems to follow that these waves must be waves of something or waves in something. This something we call 'the ether,' and what we know about radiant light and heat assures us that this ether must not only fill all space and permeate every speck of matter, but must be very different from anything we are acquainted with at present. It cannot be solid like a stone, nor liquid like water, nor can it be a gas, for the most perfectly exhausted vessel can transmit light, and therefore must be full of ether; and while the ether must be far less dense than any known gas, and allow things to move freely through it, yet it must possess some quality closely akin to the rigidity of steel. What it is we do not know. We assume its existence and deduce its properties from what we know about radiant light and heat, and about the waves generated by the oscillating electric charges of the Leyden jar and similar electrical contrivances for producing flashes of artificial lightning. Without an ether, a wave theory of light would seem an absurdity. For if light consists of waves, and if the interstellar space be a mere void, what becomes of a ray of light emitted by the sun on its journey to the earth during the period of about eight minutes when it is neither on the sun nor on the earth? Is it not evident that the wave theory of light imperatively asserts the existence of an ether, and reopens the great question settled in one way by Newton, and in the opposite way by his successors in the eighteenth century? Up to to-day nothing has been done to settle this vexed question as applied to gravity. Indeed, Lord Kelvin goes so far as to say that 'up to the present time we have no light, even so much as to point a way for investigation in that direction'; but in the case of electric and magnetic phenomena the new physics has been more successful.

The wave theory of Young and Fresnel was scarcely established before Faraday observed that a strong magnet exercises a peculiar

action on polarised light, and proposed, in 1846, as a subject of speculation, an 'electromagnetic theory of light.' This theory was developed twenty years later by Clerk Maxwell, who found the 'elasticity' of the magnetic medium in air to be so nearly identical with that of the luminous ether as to leave little room for doubt that 'these two co-existent, co-extensive, and equally elastic media are really one medium, viz. the ether of the undulatory theory of light'; and before many years had elapsed it was held generally by the younger English physicists that electrical disturbances are transmitted by means of the ether, and that electric vibrations do not differ essentially from light waves. In 1883, at a meeting of the British Association, the late Professor G. F. Fitzgerald carried the matter a step further by proposing a method of producing electromagnetic disturbances of comparatively short wave-length by utilising 'the alternating current produced when an accumulator or storage battery is discharged through a small resistance,' and that is how matters stood when Hertz turned his attention to the subject early in the year 1886.

Probably each of us has seen at some time the mimic lightning of a Leyden jar. If so, two things will be remembered. First, that at the moment of discharge there was a blinding flash between the two discharging spheres of the apparatus and that this was accompanied by a sharp crash or crack. Secondly, that both the flash and the crash were over in a fraction of a second. If the experimenter was asked to explain this mimic lightning, probably he said it was due to the flowing together of two charges of electricity previously communicated to two metallic sheets fixed respectively on the inner and outer surfaces of the jar, and no doubt this explanation was sufficient for its immediate purpose. But it was very far from telling the whole story. For what the observer saw was not, as he may have supposed, the result of a single rush of electricity, but was the outcome of a series of rushes backwards and forwards between the two discharging spheres, which followed one another at a rate that may have been as small as ten thousand, or as great as ten million, or even a hundred million, in a single second of time. The correctness of this description of the discharge of a Leyden jar has been established by examining the reflections of similar but less rapidly oscillating sparks¹ in revolving mirrors, when there

¹ Sir Oliver Lodge has shown that by using a large battery of jars the oscillations may be reduced to 5,000 or even to 500 per second, when it becomes comparatively easy to detect them with a mirror.

is seen in the reflection of each spark, not a continuous band of light, but definite fluctuations such as would correspond to a succession of separate discharges.

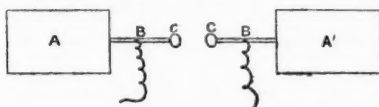
We all know that waves are generated in still water when it is disturbed by the shock of a falling stone; that sound-waves can be started in the air by the vibrations of a tuning-fork; we believe that luminous waves, or light waves, are started in the ether by the shock of flint hitting upon hard steel and, similarly, electricians, guided by Faraday, Clerk Maxwell and Fitzgerald, for some time have believed that the electric displacements which take place during the violent oscillations that constitute the discharges of a Leyden jar generate electromagnetic disturbances or waves, and thus radiate energy¹ into the surrounding ether. For a long time, however, it was impossible to prove the existence of these electric waves, because, as I have already said, they are quite invisible to the human eye.

Dr. Joseph Henry seems to have come very near to the discovery of electric waves about sixty years ago, when, after describing how it had been found possible to magnetise steel needles by means of a single spark from the conductor of an electric machine, though the needles were thirty yards away and separated from the spark by two floors and two ceilings, he went on to say: 'It may be inferred that the diffusion of motion in this experiment is almost comparable with that from a spark from a flint and steel in the case of light.' But he missed the opportunity, and it was left to Hertz to make the actual discovery forty years later.

The Leyden jar in its ordinary form was not very suitable for the experiments designed by Hertz, and to obtain his oscillating discharges he employed a somewhat different arrangement of apparatus. You could construct a model of this apparatus from very simple materials. All you would have to do would be to obtain a few yards of stout copper wire well coated on its surface with paraffin wax or some other insulating material, to wind this wire round a large wooden reel, keeping its ends free, and then to dip the whole in melted paraffin to complete the insulation of the copper wire. Next you would have to obtain a much greater length of much finer copper wire, also well insulated, to wind this round the reel outside the inner coil of thick wire, and

¹ A part of this energy at least never returns, and this, no doubt, is one reason why the discharge dies out after a life which only lasts for a fraction of a second.

attach its two ends to an arrangement like that drawn below, in which A A' represent two metallic plates about sixteen inches square and B B two stout metallic wires each carrying a well-polished sphere C C. Finally, you would have to join the two ends of the stout inner wire of your coil to a small galvanic battery provided with an arrangement by which the current from the battery could be sent through the wire or be cut off from it smartly at short intervals.¹ Then you would have a rough model of an 'induction coil' with a Hertz oscillator.



I fear that home-made apparatus in the simple form described above would not enable you to reproduce the results obtained by Hertz. But if the home-made coil were replaced by a similar coil constructed by Mr. Apps, let us say, and if this were joined up to an oscillator such as that which I have described, you would be in a position to attempt to repeat these wonderful experiments. The process would be quite simple. You would have to connect a galvanic battery to the coil, to connect the terminals of the thin, secondary wire of the coil to the oscillator, to start the automatic arrangement for making and breaking the current in the thick, primary wire of the coil, and to adjust the position of the spheres C C. This would bring about a rapid discharge of sparks between the spheres, producing an effect not unlike the discharge of a Leyden jar, but more continuous, and for that and other reasons more convenient to work with. The discharge of this instrument, like that of the Leyden jar, would not consist of a single spark, nor even of a succession of sparks all passing in the same direction, but of series of violent oscillations in which electricity would jump to and fro across the spark gap, as already described, at a rate corresponding to millions of jumps per second, the exact rate depending on the details of the construction of the coil and oscillator employed. Also this discharge, like the Leyden jar discharge, would, according to modern theory, generate waves in the ether which would travel with the velocity of light, and would be recognised by our eyes if only these were sensitive to large waves like electric waves.

The 'electric eye' or 'resonator' by which Hertz succeeded

¹ This should act automatically.

in showing the existence of electric waves was very simple. It consisted of a piece of wire bent into a ring and provided at its ends with two polished metallic spheres, whose distance from each other could be adjusted very accurately by a fine screw provided for the purpose. The dimensions of this apparatus were varied, of course, according to those of the generator whose waves it was to detect. When this simple instrument was held horizontally in a proper position relatively to that of the 'oscillator,' and not too far off, the waves radiated by the former, as they reached the detector, set up secondary oscillations in the latter, and these soon made their existence manifest by small sparks which jumped across the gap between its knobs.

But though the sparks thus generated in the resonator strongly suggest the existence of waves in the neighbourhood of the Hertz oscillator, they do not by themselves exactly prove the existence of these waves; and, in fact, something very like them had been observed by, among others, a well-known English physicist several years before Hertz made his experiments, without its dawning upon the mind of our fellow-countryman that he had before him evidence of electric waves crossing space. But this idea did occur to Hertz, and he established the true nature of the phenomena by a series of convincing experiments, in the course of which he studied the properties of these waves, and made it clear that they were waves in the ether and differed from light waves only in size.

Light waves, as we know, can be reflected, refracted, and polarised, and Hertz established the existence of invisible electric waves passing across the space which separated his oscillator from his resonator, or receiver, by proving they could be reflected, refracted, and polarised like light itself. By placing his oscillator at the focus of a parabolic mirror, he produced waves that travelled across the laboratory to a second mirror, which reflected them, like a ray of light, to a focus, where he was able to recognise them by the sparks they produced when a detector was brought to that spot. In another experiment Hertz found that when he placed a great prism of pitch in the path followed by the waves, they passed as freely through this as light does through a prism of glass, and moreover that they were bent out of their course by the pitch prism much as a ray of light is bent or refracted by glass or rock crystal. In short, he showed by these and other tests that waves passed from the oscillator to the receiver, and that these waves answered to the tests for light. They were propagated

in straight lines across space, they could be reflected, refracted, and polarised. These observations were soon fully confirmed by Sir Oliver Lodge and other electricians. In the course of his experiments, Hertz made the notable discovery that, unlike the more familiar, visible waves of light, electric waves pass freely through doors, wooden floors, and even through stone walls and masses of pitch of great thickness, though all these things, as we very well know, are practically impenetrable to light. These novel facts do not, however, weaken the conclusions drawn by Hertz, for even glass, transparent as it seems to us, is opaque to the short ultra-violet light rays, though these pass freely through lenses and prisms made of quartz. Hence there is nothing inherently improbable in this interesting and peculiar quality of the large electric waves.

We now have before us some of the fundamental phenomena available for the purpose of 'wireless telegraphy,' and it may be pointed out that, in effect, Hertz not only discovered the existence of electric waves, but also despatched and received the first 'ether wave' message when he generated electric waves in his laboratory at Karlsruhe and detected them sixteen or seventeen yards away from their point of origin, though closed doors and in some cases stone walls separated the apparatus which generated the waves from the receiver. In the Hertz experiment, when the coil was in action, one plate of the oscillator became positively and the other negatively electrified. When the effect became sufficiently intense, the electricity overcame the resistance of the air between the spheres *cc* and a spark crossed the spark gap. At each discharge, electricity from the positive plate, *A* let us say, rushed across the spark gap to *A'*, and, overrunning itself, made *A'* positive, and left *A*, which at first was positive, negative, then instantly surged back again from *A'* to *A*, then once more jumped from *A* to *A'*, and so on over and over again, each oscillation occupying, perhaps, the one-hundred-millionth part of a second of time, according to the dimensions of the apparatus employed. At each oscillation a wave was generated, and travelled away from the spark gap with the velocity of light. The intensity of this wave was not equal in every direction, but was greatest at right angles to the rods bearing the spheres, and at right angles to the plane of the metallic plates, and by holding his receiver in the position in which it came most completely under the influence of these waves Hertz was able to detect them in the manner already described. Those who are musical will readily admit the reasonableness of this interpretation of the action of a

Hertz oscillator on a distant receiver, when they remember that the sound waves emitted by a tuning-fork, after passing through the air, will set a second tuning-fork singing provided that both tuning-forks are tuned to the same note.

Here, then, we have in embryo the art of wireless telegraphy. It consists in producing electric waves similar to light waves, and in detecting them at a distance by means of a tuned or 'syntonised' receiver.

I need hardly say that it is one thing to detect an electric wave fifteen or twenty yards away from its point of origin, and quite another thing to detect it after it has travelled scores or perhaps hundreds of miles over land or sea; and I must add that even when this is done there remain at least two difficult problems. First, to make the wave print the message it carries in black and white for our eyes to see; and, secondly, to secure that the message shall go into the hands intended to receive it and into no others. Now the second of these problems has proved very difficult, and thus it comes about that though great things have been done since Hertz taught us how to create and detect electric waves, the art of wireless telegraphy still seems by no means to have taken its final form.

I should like, if space permitted, to continue my story by explaining the ingenious and often brilliant devices by which Sir William Preece, Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Branly, Mr. Marconi, and others have brought us step by step towards the goal which all have aimed at. The main features of the problem are simple enough. In order that signals might be conveyed by waves in the ether over distances of hundreds of miles, it was necessary to increase enormously the energy of the oscillator, and those who have stood by the great Marconi installation in the fields at Poldhu, and can compare it in their minds with the little construction of wires and metallic plates employed by Hertz, will be able to form a fair, if rather vague, idea of what has been done in this direction. It was necessary, also, to supplement the more powerful generating installations by far more delicate receivers than those of Hertz; and, finally, it was necessary to devise means of recording the messages, and to discover some way of tuning or syntonising the receivers in order that the messages might never reach anyone except those who were entitled to receive them. Some of these requirements have been fulfilled in a considerable degree. Everyone knows that installations capable of generating waves that can be detected at considerable distances from their sources exist on land

and sea by the dozen and the hundred. The Hertz receiver has been replaced by others far more delicate, and these in their turn have been so applied that when brought under the influence of electric waves they set in action contrivances for printing messages more or less similar to those already in use in the old-fashioned system of sending messages by means of electricity. Yet, in spite of all this progress, there have been difficulties. Much has been accomplished, but the thing has never been a perfect success.

Let us suppose that we desired to give a signal by making one tuning-fork start a musical note in another placed some distance away from the first. In such a case we could only hope to succeed if the transmitter and the receiver were in tune with each other. Hopeless confusion would arise if this condition were not fulfilled, or if it were impossible to produce with the tuning-fork used as transmitter a sustained train of vibrations of a definite character. Now sound waves are aerial waves, and may not, strictly speaking, be compared with the ethereal waves of wireless telegraphy, but, nevertheless, this illustration will serve to indicate the kind of obstacle which has stood in the way of those who have been engaged upon the problem of wireless or, as it is sometimes called, ethereal telegraphy. For in the case of the oscillator and resonator used in wireless telegraphy it is necessary that the transmitter shall emit sustained vibrations of definite character, like the note emitted by an efficient tuning-fork; and this condition is so difficult, if not impossible, to secure by means of the spark discharges of Leyden jars or Hertzian oscillators that not a few of those who have followed the progress of experiment on the subject have thought for some time that in the end it might prove necessary to abandon the use of spark discharges altogether and seek a solution in some other direction. To-day this forecast seems not far from being realised, for quite recently an alternative mode of treating the problem has come to the front.

When a current of electricity passes between two rods of gas carbon placed with their ends pretty close to one another but out of actual contact, we find at the gap between the ends of the rods a very intense source of light. This is the familiar electric 'arc.' Now the electric arc is a very Caliban among the known sources of light. It is difficult to control, and when ever so little out of hand is apt to produce, if it is a large arc, roars and screams of the most nerve-shattering description. But in spite of the difficulty thus introduced Mr. Duddell, a distinguished electrician,

has contrived so to order the proceedings of the 'arc' when it is fed by a continuous current, that not only does he make it roar like a sucking dove, but actually educes from it musical notes—indeed, I had almost said, uses it as a musical instrument; and what is even more interesting and important to us, this modern genius of the lamp has shown us that if the two carbon rods of the arc are connected to what is known as a 'shunt circuit' possessing self-induction and including a condenser, there are produced in the shunt continuous trains of electric oscillations which are in harmony, so to speak, with the vibrations of the arc. Unfortunately, the oscillations produced in this way do not exceed thirty or forty thousand a second, and slow oscillations like these, as you will understand, would be quite useless for the purposes of wireless telegraphy. Fortunately, however, the suggestion conveyed by Mr. Duddell's experiments has not been fruitless. His discoveries have set others thinking and working, with the result that Mr. Poulsen, an eminent Danish physicist, has gone a step further and shown us that by running an arc similar to that of Mr. Duddell under the influence of a powerful magnet, at the same time lengthening it, that is increasing the gap between the carbon points, and surrounding it with an atmosphere of the light gas hydrogen, he can increase the frequency of its oscillations so immensely that as many as a million per second can be obtained.

We can form a helpful picture of the difference between Mr. Poulsen's method of producing 'undamped' electric waves and its older rival, if, once more, we compare sound waves with electric waves and use an image suggested, I believe, by Mr. Poulsen himself at a recent meeting in London. Think of the intermittent series of sound waves emitted by a succession of pistol-shots, and think of the continuous waves in the air emitted by a tuning-fork kept in continuous vibration, and consider how each of these would affect the strings of a piano. Would not the pistol, if it were fired near the piano, set all or most of its strings in motion? Would not the tuning-fork, singing its single note, influence only that string of the piano which was in tune with itself, and evoke a responsive note from that one string and that only? Now the difference between the sustained and definite waves emitted by Mr. Poulsen's arc and those which can be produced by means of the spark discharges of the Leyden jar or Hertzian oscillator may be regarded as analogous to the difference between the sound of a tuning-fork and that of a

pistol-shot. And, moreover, the waves generated by the spark are damped waves which die out quickly like the sound waves of the pistol, while those of the arc can be maintained, like those of the tuning-fork, as long as we desire. Hence this last discovery has led many to hope that at last the problem of tuning or syntonising electric wave generators to their receivers is about to be solved in a really satisfactory manner. Nor do these anticipations that the 'singing' arc has sounded 'the death-knell of "spark telegraphy"' rest entirely on laboratory experiments, for installations on a considerable scale have already been erected, and messages have been sent by the new method over no less a distance than that which separates Copenhagen from North Shields.

If Mr. Poulsen's 'Arc Telegraph' can be made a commercial success it may be expected to secure the following advantages:—First, greatly increased accuracy in the tuning or syntonising of transmitters and receivers. This will make it comparatively easy for neighbouring stations to avoid interfering with each other's messages and will get rid of, or at any rate mitigate, one of the difficulties which have helped to bring about the need for international conferences and agreements. Secondly, there is good reason to expect that if 'arc telegraphy' should replace 'spark telegraphy' the energy required for transmitting a message, and therefore its cost, will be considerably reduced. These combined advantages can hardly fail to make easier the realisation of that scheme of Transatlantic communication which so often has seemed on the very verge of success, and so often has resulted only in disappointment.

It will be noticed, perhaps, that in these pages I have said much about the oscillators or transmitters of electric waves, but very little about the instruments which receive them. Hence some of my readers may wonder how the little disturbances that would be generated in the wire resonator of Hertz or in any similar instrument at the end of a journey of fifty, a hundred, or hundreds of miles, can be made to spell words, much more to print them, and thus convey intelligible messages. This question, like so much that is connected with this interesting but highly technical subject, cannot be fully discussed here, but I think the following account of the little instrument called the 'coherer' will make this part of the matter intelligible.

If we fix up a galvanic cell, join wires to its two poles, suspend above one of these wires a sensitive magnet, hanging it so that the needle is parallel to the wire, and then bring the free ends of the

two wires into close contact, a current will flow through the wires, which, though invisible, will make itself manifest by causing the magnet to swing into a new position and set itself more or less at right angles to the wires: that is, to the direction in which the current flows. If we break contact between the wires, the magnet will fall back to its former position, but whenever we bring the ends of our wires into contact, provided that the battery remains effective, the magnet will shift its position as before. If, after making the above simple experiment in electric telegraphy, we vary our apparatus, and introduce a small glass tube loosely filled with iron or brass filings between the ends of the two wires, we shall find when we turn on the current that though each individual particle of metal in the tube conducts electricity, and though the particles appear to touch each other and to be well connected to the battery wires, collectively they resist the passage of the current very considerably, as will be clearly shown by the relatively feeble movements of the suspended magnet. Now I need not say that in the early days of wireless telegraphy, when the pioneer workers were seeking to found a practical system of signalling on the discoveries of Hertz, all sorts of things were tried as substitutes for the Hertz receiver with the hope of discovering something more sensitive than this, and something which might be made to give permanent records of the signals on their arrival at a receiving station. Among the things that were found to respond to the electric radiations were vacuum tubes, gold-leaf and other electroscopes, the legs of frogs suitably prepared, but best of all little tubes partly filled with coarse iron filings and placed in circuit with a single cell. In ordinary circumstances, as we have seen, such a tube impedes the passage of electricity to so great an extent that only a feeble current finds its way across it. If, however, the waves from a Hertz oscillator fall upon the tube of filings, all is altered; directly these reach the 'coherer' the current flows freely, announcing its passage by the movements of the magnet, and thereby tells us of the arrival of an electric wave: that is to say, conveys to us a signal. When once the coherer has become a conductor it can no longer be used to detect electric radiations; but, fortunately, when the wave has passed a tap is sufficient to restore the coherer to its original condition; and thus, if the signaller does not despatch his signals too rapidly, and if his colleague who receives the message taps the coherer after each movement of the magnet,

it becomes possible to detect wave after wave with the same coherer.

This beautiful discovery was soon improved upon. Automatic arrangements for tapping the coherer were not very difficult to contrive; soon it was found that filings of an alloy of nickel with a little silver gave better results than iron or brass; then a further improvement was effected by pumping the air from the tube containing the metallic particles, and by-and-by it was made possible to print messages by the aid of this simple contrivance. As the running of a printing machine, however simple, by means of waves in the ether after they have travelled scores or hundreds of miles may seem akin rather to necromancy than to physics, I may explain that the waves do not actually supply the energy which runs the machine, but rather play a part similar to that played by a man when he pulls the trigger of a loaded gun and thereby liberates the stores of energy previously locked up in the gunpowder which composed its charge. In the old-fashioned system of electric telegraphs, in which the current is guided to its destination by a wire, it often happens that at the end of a long journey the current is not strong enough to work the recording instrument which prints the message. In this case the difficulty is overcome by using the partly exhausted current to move a special kind of 'switch,' or key, called a 'relay,' which turns on a stronger current from a local battery to do the work that the weakened travelling current itself is unable to perform. A very similar device is made use of in wireless telegraphy. In this case, as we have seen already, the electric wave is used to start a local current through the coherer; this second and stronger current, by means of the 'relay,' turns on a third and still stronger current, also provided locally, which in its turn moves a little hammer which taps the coherer at suitable intervals and renders it again non-conducting, and also runs the little printing machine which records the message. The coherer, however, no longer stands alone as a means of utilising electric waves in wireless telegraphy; for it is by no means a perfect detector, and more trustworthy but more complex instruments are now often put in its place.

And now, in conclusion, let us consider what happens at an 'electric wave power station' when a message is despatched, and what we should see if we were permitted to visit Mr. Marconi and watch him when sending off a message to another station at a distance, let us say, of one hundred miles from Poldhu.

If you have visited Poldhu or seen a picture of the station there, you will remember that it consisted,¹ as seen from the outside, of four great towers, each 225 feet high, which carried an arrangement, called an 'aerial,' composed of four hundred distinct wires, and, on the ground beneath them, a small group of very unpretentious buildings. If, on your visit, you were admitted to one of these buildings probably you found there a great induction coil, or some other form of apparatus for generating sparks, various batteries, perhaps, condensers or Leyden jars, wires and a signalling key more or less similar to those to be seen in any telegraph station. When all was ready the signalling key was pressed and you saw sparks pass across a 'spark gap' as already described, but on a larger scale. Now this spark gap, like that described on page 355, formed part of an 'oscillator' of special construction, and at the moment of discharge electric oscillations were set up in this. These oscillations were not, however, used directly for signalling, but were employed to induce other oscillations in the secondary wire of a coil and in the overhead 'aerial,' which was connected to one end of this wire while the other was connected to earth. The electric displacements in or about the aerial generated waves in the ether, and these, travelling with the velocity of light, reached the receiving station in about the one two-thousandth part of a second. Here, falling upon a second 'aerial,' these waves set up oscillations in the primary wire of a receiving coil connected to this 'aerial'; these, in their turn, set up yet fresh oscillations in the secondary wire of the coil which broke down the resistance of the coherer and started into action a Morse printing machine, or some similar machine, as already explained, and my reader, if he could have been in two places at once, would then have seen the message printed off before his eyes in the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. And here we must stop, not forgetting that this sketch does not pretend to do more than to give, without technicalities, some of the simpler details of the theory and practice of wave telegraphy.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

¹ The Marconi system has not yet taken a final form, and the financial interests involved are so very large that new advances are not usually published at an early stage. Hence I describe here what might have happened yesterday rather than to-day.

THE BILLINGSLEY ROSE.

BY J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

'NEVER heard of it,' a gardener will answer you, even in the roseries at Kew; for few are aware of the Billingsley rose. It buds on no standard, it adorns no florist's catalogue, and attar from it was never distilled. You may hunt it like the most precious of orchids, but the trail lies through Bloomsbury and the Kensingtons, and not in Amazonian forests or jungles of Mandalay. With patience and *flair* you may come upon it yet, though Glamorgan, Derbyshire, and 'the sweet shire of Cardigan' have been scoured for it, Holland rifled of it, Cintra, Palermo, Montpellier, Tours, and all the haunts of the English resident abroad in the teens of last century meticulously searched for it, by keen-eyed votaries, illuminati, new Rosicrucians ready with gold for any disc of smooth and shining whiteness that bears the Billingsley rose.

It is a China rose, but it never bloomed in Cathay. Nippon nor Cashmere ever knew it; the European mainland never grew it; it flouts the flowers from Saxony and the valley of the Seine. In the Peak it budded, a century and a quarter ago, but still it lives in beauty; still the petals seem to throb with the sap of life; still this rose, as one enthusiast sings, 'has the soft bloom of youth and floats in being, as not by the agency of the brush but by the volition of the painter.' For, yes, (perhaps you read the riddle at once?), a pencil of camel-hair produced the flower; it is upon suacers and cups and plates of old English porcelain that one finds the Billingsley rose.

Like every rare and peerless thing, it happened happily; the date of its blooming was fortunate. A little later there would have been no soft porcelain to paint on, a little earlier there was no English porcelain at all. The Billingsley rose is the very triumph and coronal of the efforts of English potters against invasions from the Orient, from Saxony and France. The illuminati know with their hearts the strange tale of that strife—how the Honourable East India Company kept pouring 'china' in from the East; how Dresden and Sèvres imposed upon us their splendid

wares ; how crowds of merchants and collectors awaited the ships and fought with their money-bags at the ports ; how ' Why should not *we* make porcelain ? ' said English potters, and how they began. Romance encircles the record of their doings ; against royal subsidies and patronage by kings of Saxony and France they pitted private enterprise and petty capital ; lacking the true material, they invented substitutes, composts, imitative amalgams ; and at last they came upon a kind of china that differed as much from the wares of Meissen and late Sèvres as a lyric of Shelley's contrasts with a page of Racine's.

This English soft china was not true porcelain, I know. It was ' an ingenious and beautiful counterfeit,' says Professor Church ; but he does not rate the real thing the higher. No, it was something better than ' true ' porcelain ; it was something unique and apart, something delicate and ephemeral, dainty and fragile, fit compeer for the Louis Seize fan, a pastel of Vigée Lebrun's, or a Cosway miniature. It has left the china cupboard and the kitchen rack, to dwell in the realm of lost arts. The paste and the glaze of it, delightful in themselves, to the painter furnished a ' canvas ' opulently white, softly firm, and gently smooth, shot through with light, receptive, better than ivory ; and upon such pleasant surfaces the pencil of William Billingsley began to play and create, at Derby, *circa* 1775.

The man was blest in the ware on which he wrought, for the glassy and chalky amalgams which made up the paste and glaze of the old English porcelains gave them tenderness and translucency beyond compare. Light, transpiercing light, the glass-painter's ally, came to his aid. Held to the light, the form and tinting of any flowers he painted in Wales can be seen through and through. Take even a plate of his painting at Derby. Though the chemical action of air and sunlight by now may have veined the glaze with a fine network of brown, it once was white and virginal, pregnable to the colours and wooing the brush. At Meissen and Sèvres the artists worked on kaolinic stuff, like that of the Orient—stuff that was *dure*, refractory to pigments, almost impossible to stain with gentle tints ; so that the picture rests upon the surface wholly, kept hard in outline and not interfused with the glaze, just as even the most deftly barbered peruke declines to blend with the nape and the temples. But the English ' soft ' porcelains had a subsoil, so to speak ; the surfaces were sympathetic and amorous of the brush, the paste and glaze were

receptive and absorbent, and the colours became filtered and refined as they sank richly in. It is this quality in the ware which causes the French illuminati, tired of the hard mechanical perfection of 'Sèvres,' to rifle the shops of Paris of every piece of *pâte tendre anglaise* to-day.

Yet tools and materials count for little in art, after all. Plenty of clever brushes had played upon English china before Billingsley's began—reluctant French limners had been bribed to cross the Channel—but none had ever painted the rose so well as he was to come to do. By the time he started off on his dramatic wanderings, the pilgrim of perfection in porcelain, his flowers had become almost famous, and his style had begun to found a school. He was a deviser and inventor. All his days he showed himself a restless seeker and innovator, never content with the usual and accepted. Perhaps the tragedy of his career arose from that. He was just the man to reverse a tradition, and he upset—in England at least—the rules of flower-painting on china which had come down from Royal *fabrik* and *établissement* abroad to humble potteries here. Billingsley forsook the convention; he painted flowers as he saw them, and not as by the older masters in his art they had been seen. In his way and scope he too repudiated the white horse and the brown tree. England in him may claim the first Impressionist. He worked in the small and upon still-life subjects, it is true; but all the same he was the first, I think, to 'bring the picture out of the blur' to the momentary glance.

The outline of the Billingsley rose, and its lights and shadows too, are imprecise. Under the momentary glance the flower seems to float and quiver, almost to form itself and move, and the richly enamelled deep heart of it, like the drooping and blowing petals, makes a rounding contrast with the high light upon the swell. By older china-painters 'the lights were simply left untouched,' writes Mr. John Ward, keeper of the Billingsley china at Cardiff—that is, the 'lights' were parts of the white uncoloured glaze. But by the Billingsley method 'the whole surface of the flower was covered with colour, and the lights were then swept out with a half-charged brush.' No great discovery, perhaps—simply an artist's device; but it was Billingsley's first, and it is this, together with a special 'feeling' for flowers and a knack in grouping them, which makes it just to say, as a votary does, that 'no other man in all the history of porcelain painted roses as this

man did'; for upon the most fitting of material his brushes played in the most natural and liberated of styles.

Yet Billingsley would never speak of himself as an artist, one may be sure. He was a workman, a craftsman, one of the good old kind of steady, rather silent, dour English artisans, better paid than most workmen at that date, but painting stolidly for daily bread, and drawing his thirty-five or forty shillings a week in quite a non-romantic and businesslike way. Romance was to come as a 'high light' upon him, however, and his career, his mysterious law-breaking, his flight and exile, the pride of his achievements and the pathos of his failures were to afford a topic for biographers and novelists in the end. For in the first year of the nineteenth century he ceased to be the steady artisan of the pot-works at Derby. He took to the road, and became a Romany of art; he wandered in Sherwood Forest and Cannock Chase, Salop, Worcestershire, and Wales; and wherever he went he drew, or taught to draw, the Billingsley rose.

He left peace and comfort behind him at Derby, but he went towards renown. In his way he was famous already, and in his own country. 'To be painted with Billingsley's flowers' is written on many pages of the pattern-books which used to be kept in the Derby China Works until a generation ago. His 'prentice-plate' is treasured in the Derby Art Gallery, though somewhat the worse for wear. It is described as 'bordered with roses in every conceivable position. The stems are wonderfully graceful and elastic, and suggest that they are alive, the weight of the flower giving a curve which one can fancy changing with the flutter of the breeze.' It was by examples such as this that the craftsman taught at the Derby, Pinxton, Worcester, Nantgarw, Swansea, and Coalport potteries the art and mystery of painting flowers to the life.

Not every Billingsley rose is by Billingsley, therefore, and he seldom signed his work, though the figure '7' on the back of a piece of 'old Derby' is said to authenticate the painting as his own. But his work is signed all over to the instructed eye. Always the lights are 'swept out with a half-charged brush.' But that is not all; he could group flowers more harmoniously and set them in truer perspective than his copiers. Not only did he blot them in more masterly, but he treated the shadows and developed values in an inimitable way. If you find these qualities in a flower-piece painted on 'soft' English china, look again. What

are the flowers? What are the prevalent hues? For Billingsley loved the auricula and the tulip, as well as the rose; he had a fondness for yellows and purples, and would bind in each nosegay at least one flower of a dove-colour grey. Then, also, his bouquets throw out loose sprays, and the leaves are darkish, little-veined, often vaguely washed-in.

'Make a bargain with Mr. Billingsley for him to continue with you,' the London agent of the Derby China Works wrote to the proprietor of them urgently, in 1796. 'For it will be a great loss to lose such a hand, and not only that, but his going into another factory will put them into the way of doing flowers in the same way, which they at present are entirely ignorant of.' I daresay Mr. Duesbury would offer as much as fifty shillings a week for his 'hand' to remain, but he offered in vain. Billingsley quitted Derby to become a master-man. But that was not his chief motive; he had a stronger incentive and a higher aim.

He was potter as well as painter, and he longed to produce a perfect porcelain. Mr. Duesbury's rules prohibited the painters from entering the potters' rooms at Derby, and the potters from visiting the painting-rooms; but he failed to limit Billingsley's technical knowledge, just as he did to retain the advantages of his brush. The painter-potter had experimented in the mixing-room and the kilns at Derby; he sought after a ware which should possess the translucency and porousness of 'soft' china, be exquisitely thin, and yet be durably 'hard' like the porcelain from Dresden—perhaps an impossible ideal. The 'hand' was no chemist, and had been only scantily schooled, but he was tireless and inventive, and he came at last, after heart-breaking failure, to something like achievement; for in Wales he produced from his recipes 'a porcelain which, as an artificial felspar, approaches the nearest to real felspar' of any imitative china ever concocted. This was the famous ware of Nantgarw. But it did not wholly realise the aim, for it was brittle, not 'hard.' Billingsley never quite saw success.

He began his search for the perfect porcelain in 1796 at Pinxton. A certain Mr. Coke, who had lived at Dresden and knew the qualities of the Saxon ware, undertook to build and equip a small pottery if Billingsley would act as managing partner in the concern. The thick white Pinxton china was the result, but it seldom flowered with the Billingsley rose; the potter had absorbed the painter, the artist had become a man of affairs. Yet the partnership lasted no longer than four years. Billingsley's wife used to

say of him that he was 'never satisfied with what he did, always wishing to produce something better.' Probably Mr. Coke had curbed experiment with his purse-strings. At any rate, in 1800, the inveterate experimenter carried away his recipes, and left the Pinxton pottery to fumble with inferior ware. Adversity drove the 'hand' to his art again, and then befell a period of painting other people's china and of scheming for new capital. Then something mysterious and catastrophical occurred. In the winter of 1808 we see him scurrying south, escaping, a scared and quaking fugitive, his name concealed, his wife left behind, his daughter Sarah and her lover, Samuel Walker, accompanying him, and Lavinia Billingsley, a small weakly child of thirteen, wearily trudging beside them or lifted by turns in their arms. The quest for the perfect porcelain had been interrupted, even the brushes lay idle; it was winter with the Billingsley rose.

Something evil had come into the man's life—some act of crime, maybe, but most probably some misdealing with money; enthusiasts and inventors are seldom nicely particular about other people's capital. Whatever his sin or fault had been, it drove him into sudden exile. Earlier than this, his wife had separated herself from him, and for that there may have been serious cause. But his children followed him through all, to their death; Samuel Walker stood by him; and 'of this man's failings or indiscretions we have no direct evidence,' his first biographer, Mr. Haslem, of Derby, wrote gently. 'But that they must have been greatly redeemed by paternal love is proved by the fact that his daughters, who maintained the most affectionate correspondence with their mother, clung to him with so much tenderness.' 'I shall never see you again,' the mother had said. Pathos, as well as mystery and danger, had entered into the fugitive's life, and in those days, when 'sensibility' and 'sentiment' were a duty as well as a luxury, I think he would mark with tears his 'dim and perilous way.'

Palissy stands the great tragical figure in the history of ceramics, but Billingsley seems the more pathetic to me. When he fled he changed his name, and, as 'Mr. Beeley' he was to know every kind of privation and sorrow. Late in the year 1808 Sarah Billingsley, then twenty-five years old, wrote to her mother with great secrecy, addressing the letter to a third hand, mentioning no names, using initials only, and both wafering down and sealing what she wrote. Expressed in the style of a period older than

1808, the letter reads quaintly to-day. The four inlanders, far from their mountainous Midland shire, had come very near real shipwreck, it appears. 'Your prayers, my Dear Mother, are heard,' the letter says, 'and we are again in our Native Country after experiencing very great hardships which would fill pages to recount. I don't recollect whether I told you that after the Storm and we got into Harbour I durst not venture on Shipboard again but preferred walking between 50 and 60 miles. I thought your last words were prophetic when you said you should never see us more. I had a thousand anxious fears for you I was doubtful whether you would ever hear of our fate, on account of the name we went by'—the *alias* of these pilgrims of porcelain and love.

It is impossible to be sure of what had happened to the Billingsleys in their exodus so far. But I think they would have struck south from Derby through Cannock Chase to the Staffordshire potteries, where the Davenports were making china at that date. Then, disappointed of employment, they would make for the porcelain potteries of the West, going to Worcester first, and at first almost fruitlessly, no doubt. So, coming to the Severn mouth, they would take a coaster bound for Swansea, where porcelain of a kind was then being made. The storm which scared Sarah Billingsley would come upon them in the Bristol Channel, and the little ship would run for Newport or Cardiff; whence the four would trudge the '50 or 60 miles' to Swansea, only to be disappointed again. Billingsley would then write to the famous firm of Barr, Flight and Barr, at Worcester, accepting the wages—'very low for a good hand' as his daughter said—which he had at first refused; he certainly did write to the firm to beg 'a little Money' for the journey to Worcester. The wanderers made that journey afoot, 'all the way Back, which in the whole amounted to near 400 miles,' Sarah Billingsley informed her mother. It need not be 'near 400 miles' from Swansea to Worcester, of course, but dread of arrest would cause the wanderers to avoid the more direct and public highways; and thus one sees them toiling northward from Cardiff, up the Taff valley, past the hamlet of Nantgarw, and so rounding to Worcester and their 'Native Country' through the wild glens of midland Wales.

At Worcester the Billingsley rose began to flower again, and the collector finds it on Barr, Flight and Barr ware, on tea-things and dessert-services chiefly, often in floriated panels or 'reserves' set in borders of blurred and blackish blue, or nestling *inside* the

cups. But the rose is not in its full glory; there was a lack of heart in Billingsley's art at this period; the free and impressionist style persisted, but the zest and zeal for perfection had waned. Yet the flowers which fell from his brush so took the eye of the other painters that even at Worcester he founded a school. But he was only a 'hand' again, his pay at first 'little better than that of the common hands,' and the cost of living at Worcester was found to be 'so extremely high, that with every frugality,' Sarah Billingsley wrote, she could lay by no money to send to her mother. 'I wish, my Dear Mother, I had it in my power, but I hope, when our wages come to be settled and Mr. W. gets work, I shall be able to send you something to come to us.' The two girls had found work in the factory, 'Mr. W.' was Samuel Walker, whom Sarah was to marry; he, too, had followed Billingsley through all, with devotion that speaks well for both.

Background to these humble affairs, the most world-shaking events were occurring; but Billingsley sat absorbed in plans for the perfect porcelain, and almost unconsciously painting the rose. The Reign of Terror had raged while he was trying his first recipe for a hard, white, translucent paste, at Derby, and about the time he took ship for Swansea Napoleon had entered Spain. So now, while the Army of Moscow in rags and jags drifts westward, the potter-painter (like Napoleon) plans a new effort, a fresh start. In 1813 the Billingsleys and Samuel Walker took to the road clandestinely again; they had a new reason for secrecy, and they made for lonely Nantgarw.

Nantgarw was then a hamlet of five or six houses, solitary amidst hills. They were coaly hills, and I daresay Billingsley's imagination saw them all consumed in huge kilns, which were to rise for the firing of a world-pervasive perfect porcelain, that should penetrate to Peking itself; for Nantgarw stood conveniently placed for water-carriage, on a canal that reached to a port, the port of Cardiff, some seven or eight miles away. During his first journey in Wales, Billingsley had noted the fitness of Nantgarw for concealing yet aiding the enterprise of an outlawed potter, and he would approach the place in high hope the second time. For he was now in funds again. Somehow or other, in part, perhaps, by revealing to the Chamberlains of Worcester—rivals of Flight and Barr—suggestions which enabled them later to mix the compost for their beautiful 'Regent' china; in part almost certainly by conveying hints to Mr. Rose, of the Coalport China Works; and in

part, beyond doubt, by building two kilns 'on the new or reverberating principle,' Billingsley and Walker had got together capital with which to build kilns of their own. For that purpose they went to Nantgarw.

The cones of the Nantgarw pottery may still be seen from the Taff Valley Railway as you travel from Cardiff northward, and the eyes of the illuminati rest on them with pity and sympathy, for it was at Nantgarw that Billingsley cast his last throws against Fate and definitely lost the game. He was a persistent idealist, and for persistency and idealism which end in success there is never a lack of applause; but also

tears to human suffering are due,
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown.

Billingsley approached Nantgarw the second time with two hundred and fifty pounds in his fob. Shilling by shilling the precious little capital had been gathered together. Sarah Billingsley—Sarah Walker she was by this—would lament that none of this almost fabulous store of wealth should be spent on bringing the mother to the wedding and the common life of the family again; but that is ever your inventor's way. Mrs. Billingsley might weep like a Hecuba at Derby, but what was Hecuba to him? Neither Hecuba nor the great doings of Wellington in Spain just then would occupy Billingsley's mind a minute; for him the engrossing thing was at Nantgarw to mix and fire the porcelain of his dreams.

He mixed and fired the nearest thing to his ideal porcelain at last. The paste and glaze of Nantgarw china have been compared with falling snow, a clarified silvery fluid just crystallised. Nantgarw ware was made of fusible glass mixed in with just as much finely-powdered non-fusible white matter as the glass would take up and hold; and no porcelain so thin and shining, so blanché and translucent, has ever been made elsewhere. The wanderer's porcelain inspired his brush again, and the Billingsley roses never flowered more beautifully eglantine than they did in the Vale of Nantgarw; there is something of April in the ware and all of June in the rose. With what delight, with what pride and zest, the artist in the man would set to work on what the potter in him had produced! Seven 'Nantgarw' plates of Billingsley's painting were recently sold for 97*l.*, and one of these poems in porcelain has been bought for as much as twenty-six guineas. But when the

ware was new it failed to hold the market. The compost was brittle, and 'nine-tenths of the articles were either shattered or injured in shape' by the heat of the kiln. Nantgarw table-ware turned out to be 'too bright and good for human nature's daily food,' and the purely ornamental pieces cost much to make and were rarely sold. Writing himself 'William Beeley,' the artist-potter memorialised the Government for patronage, but that was no better a time for national subsidies to the arts than is our own. Within six months the tiny pottery at Nantgarw had used up the tiny capital, and a partner had to be found. The partner brought in 600*l.*; but after a while 'the concern was again in danger of sinking, when an agreement was entered into with the proprietor of the Swansea pottery, and the work was removed there.'

The proprietor of the 'Cambrian Pottery' at Swansea was Mr. L. W. Dillwyn, 'a botanist of some note and an author of some repute in natural history subjects'; one sees him welcome a fellow-idealist in Billingsley. So now for a time the kilns at Nantgarw stand cold, and 'can this beautiful white compost be strengthened and hardened?' is the problem at Swansea. But again the experiments failed. Between the trial and re-trial firings Billingsley painted and taught to paint; there is a special impasto in the enamel of the Swansea 'Billingsley' rose. But the perfect porcelain was still the chief aim, and 'Another try, sir—a little more money?' would be Billingsley's constant appeal. Maybe he was on the edge of success the day the thunderbolt came, through the post. 'While endeavouring to strengthen and improve this beautiful body,' Mr. Dillwyn related afterwards, 'I was surprised at receiving a notice from Messrs. Flight and Barr of Worcester, charging the parties calling themselves Walker and Beeley with having clandestinely left an engagement at their works, and forbidding me to employ them. Flight and Barr in the most gentlemanly way convinced me that this granular body'—soft china has a granular fracture, like lump sugar—'could never be made any use, and as it was not worth their while to prosecute them, the runaways went back to Nantgarw.'

That was in 1817, and the staggering Billingsley received two other blows that year; in January the faithful Sarah died, and in September died Lavinia. On the day of this second bereavement the father wrote to his wife a letter marked by blots and erasures, that spoke his anguish of mind. 'My sufferings are now arrived at the highest pitch of Misery. Our dearest Lavinia is taken

away from me, the only prop I had left.' He was now 'a distress'd inconsolable mortal never more to be happy. Think, oh think, what troubles I have! But all my other troubles are as nothing compared with the severe loss of my Dearest children, whom no man ador'd more.' The note of pathos and tragedy sounds through the stilted eighteenth-century style.

Back at Nantgarw, he made a fresh and heroical endeavour, but three years later he stood amidst his cold kilns and the utter ruin of his hopes: two thousand pounds of capital, subscribed by 'gentlemen of the County,' had been sunk in vain. He went to Coalport for a living, as a 'hand' again. Mr. John Rose, of the china works there, had promised that at Coalport his revised and re-revised recipe for the perfect porcelain should be tried. Tried it was, but again it failed, in its last chance; and thenceforward the beautiful Billingsley china, no more renewed, was to waste and lessen in quantity by kitchen breakages, and only out of long neglect and supersession win at last to a niche beside the treasured 'Chelsea' ware itself. Billingsley did not live to see that triumph, and bitter it must have been for him to know that at Coalport, and at Swansea also, his recipes were modifying pastes which were not to be associated with his name. But his brush remained to him: I think he sometimes painted on Bloor china, which would reach him by stage-waggon from Derby. Certainly at Coalport he founded a school, and thus through the influence of that famous pottery he came to transform the styles of china-painting all over England, and even abroad; so vivid and life-giving is art, though 'the potter tempering soft earth' may fail.

In the year 1826 Mrs. Billingsley died; there is no evidence that she had ever seen her daughters or her husband since they fled away, eighteen years before. In 1828 Billingsley himself expired, in a little house 'near the works at Coalport, on the Shifnal road,' and all seemed ended; the Nantgarw kilns stood deserted, the pilgrim of porcelain was gathered into the great compost himself. But fame for his shade has come, and still in cabinet and gallery, on plate and saucer, cup and dish, spill-case and vase and bowpot, blooms in time-heightened beauty and value the incomparable, the ineffable, the Billingsley rose.

THE VOYAGE OF THE VENTURER.

How soon can you be in Shanghai ?'

'In thirty-five days, if I leave here to-morrow.'

'And at Chefoo ?'

'In another two days—with luck.'

The tall keen-faced underwriter bent again to study a chart of the China Seas. He was one of the chiefs at Lloyd's. The quiet little library in the upper rooms of the Royal Exchange was tenanted by the two men alone. The roar of the City traffic scarcely penetrated through the double windows from Cornhill.

'The business is very simple to set forth, Captain Drummond,' said the underwriter slowly. 'There is a steamer called the *Venturer* which is bound to Port Arthur. She is laden with a most valuable cargo, insured here for a very large sum indeed. It consists mainly of food and medical stores; it is contraband of war. The Japanese will do their utmost to capture her if they hear of it.'

'You may be certain they will know of her, sir,' said the sailor quietly. 'Their system of secret intelligence is perfect. Their spies are everywhere.'

This was a fact that the world was beginning to realise with some dismay, especially at Lloyd's.

'Will the *Venturer* put into Chefoo before making her dash to run the blockade ?' Drummond queried.

'Yes.'

'To whom is she consigned there ?'

'Lewison's,' was the prompt rejoinder.

'Ah !' The hearer whistled low, and the underwriter laughed shortly. Certain previous dealings with that firm had left a notoriously unpleasant recollection in some London offices.

'Well, sir,' said the captain bluntly, 'what is it exactly that you wish me to do ?'

'Get her into Port Arthur—if it's possible.'

'And if not ?'

'Have her detained in harbour—safe.'

The man who was receiving his instructions gave a little shrug

to his broad shoulders. 'Do you know anything about her skipper?' he demanded.

'Next to nothing,' was the ready reply. 'We have made inquiries cautiously, without result. He seems rather an unknown quantity.'

'His name?'

'Fairton.'

'Now look here, Captain Drummond,' said the underwriter earnestly, his eyes resting observantly on his listener's face, 'it is precisely because we know so little that we are sending you out there. Enlist anyone's help you can to save that cargo from capture. That is your mission; do you understand?'

'I do,' answered the sailor simply. 'I will start at once.'

'Good!' The underwriter shook hands. 'I wish you all success,' he said.

The girl walked slowly along the uneven roadway. Persistently in her ears was ringing the stately sentence of the olden story. 'For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' Could it be that the words still echoed a message unto the generations of to-day?

Ah, if she did but know——

From the seawall, thronged with Chinese boatmen loafing round their sampans, the dull waters of the Yellow Sea stretched with long low swell beyond the Chefoo headland. The masts of the shipping in the roadstead were silhouetted against a cheerless winter sky. Beatrice Dennis stopped to watch them. One steamer in particular was firing up.

From away to the north'ard fancy seemed to waft to her the dull reverberation of hurtling shells bursting on defensive hillcrests. Ever the investing Japanese lines were closing around the doomed Russian fortress. The girl shivered. Her imagination pictured the guns of Port Artaur booming in a last loud cry to the world for help.

Beatrice regarded the distant promontory with doubtful eyes. Her dainty brows contracted. She was puzzled at the unwonted cordiality of her uncle, old Joseph Lewison, to the captain of the English steamer which had recently arrived from the south. Some queer underhand business was going on which she had not yet succeeded in fathoming. Her surmises were sinister.

Most of the European crew had deserted minus their wages. She had a shrewd suspicion that her uncle could explain this. His ideas of law and order were in strict accord with nothing but filling his own pockets ; but that made it the more unaccountable if he had really bribed the crew to bolt—unknown to the skipper. And then why had he taken so much trouble—apparently—to secure a fresh crew of Chinamen to replace the fugitives ? These, too, had come forward with unwonted willingness. The more the girl pondered the more black her misgivings became.

For two days she had watched the English captain. He was a clean-cut, sturdy-limbed man, quiet and determined, with the clear fresh eyes of the sailor ; he had been strangely courteous to her on the rare occasions on which they had come across each other in Lewison's grimy house. The men she usually saw there were a very different breed. She was not accustomed to courtesy.

'Thy people shall be my people.' And this captain was of her own folk, the English, simple-minded, straightforward. She loathed the fat oily smile which she had noticed on old Lewison's lips once or twice when she had been watching the two men, herself unheeded. Lewison's descent was mixed.

This girl was full of quick impulses. She hesitated ; woman-like, she glanced down suddenly at her dress. It was three years since anyone had cared to notice her frock, since her uncle had married his son to the podgy daughter of the German storekeeper in Shanghai who waddled. Even now, after this interval, her young face grew hard and cold as stone as she remembered. It was a delicate face under a mass of soft fair hair. Surely something about this tall lithe maiden might become very bewitching to a man, if she willed.

The little head rose very erect. Her resolution was formed. She could act on her impulses fearlessly, did she so choose.

Dusk was falling when the derricks rattled inboard for the last time. The donkey engine clanked noisily, and the hose-pipes swept the coal-dust before streams of water from the deck. Bernard Fairton sat alone in the little chart-room under the bridge. Outside was all grey and dreary, with that unnatural dreariness which probably portended snow. Inside, a low fire smouldered dully in the iron stove, for the night gave promise of being bitterly cold. The master of the *Venturer* leant over the shabby table oil-cloth, intent on the 'Sailing Directions for the North China Seas.'

A flickering lamp swung overhead ; a pile of charts and papers were scattered in disorder on a locker.

The door widened stealthily. Fairton did not move except to slip his hand into a side pocket. His grasp tightened over the revolver there. Then a flash of immense surprise crossed his face as the new-comer entered with cautious speed.

'Miss Dennis,' he muttered, amazed. 'You—here !'

She nodded breathlessly. Something in his tone brought a defiant colour to her cheeks.

'What have you come for ?' he asked, searching her face with steadiness.

'To warn you to sail at once, before it is too late.'

'Why ?'

Instead of answering his question she put another.

'You have not shipped all your new crew yet, have you ?'

'Only a few of them. The remainder should be on board to-morrow.'

'Don't wait for them.'

'I cannot put to sea as I am,' Fairton deliberated. His attitude was uncomprehending.

'When are you due at Port Arthur ?' queried the girl with great directness.

'In two days ; that is the worst of it,' Fairton admitted ruefully. 'The Russian torpedo-boats are to make a raid as soon as I am off the port to cover my dash for the entrance. Every hour's delay makes success more doubtful.'

'It is absolutely necessary that you get to sea at once,' she repeated. Her confidence was emphatic.

'Lewison was to provide a pilot as well,' remonstrated the captain dubiously.

'Instead of which he has bribed your old crew to desert.'

'So !' said her hearer slowly.

'And is waiting to betray you to the Japanese,' finished Beatrice Dennis with terseness.

'Why have you troubled to warn me ?' asked Fairton suddenly. He was thinking hard.

'Because you are English as my dead father was, and—I hate Lewison,' she muttered. Something in her manner told Fairton that the girl spoke with soberest truth.

'Oh, he is vile and treacherous !' she cried with sudden heat. Her large eyes blazed with passion, her small oval face was pale.

'He got my father into his power, he killed his own sister, my mother, by his cruelty and neglect. Then I had no home, no kin of my own in all the world. So he took me and made me his house drudge, and I am of use to him as a slave would be. Often his charity almost chokes me. And then you came—you were different—of my own people—courteous even to such as me.'

'But he is the agent of my owners; we are consigned to his firm,' expostulated the vessel's captain. His gaze never left her face.

'What does that matter to Lewison & Co.?' cried the girl with scorn. 'He will take your money with one hand and sell you for more money with the other. I tell you'—she stamped her small foot with passionate assurance—'if you delay any longer you will never reach Port Arthur.'

The lamp was flaring greasily; the little chart-room smelt of stale smoke and evil oil. The speaker looked singularly soft and girlish in her worn dark dress outlined against the dingy cabin fittings. The lamplight tinged the fairness of her hair.

'If you trust me'—she fronted him very resolute—'if you trust me, you will be guided by what I say, and go,' she declared.

Fairton reached for his cap. 'Well, we will see if we cannot outwit Mr. Lewison this time,' he decided with grimness. 'I'll just speak to my engineer.'

Now it was precisely at this moment on shore that Captain Drummond, in his capacity as representative of Lloyd's, walked into the office of Messrs. Lewison's. His state of body was intensely cold, his state of temper aggrievedly hot. A coasting steamer to Chefoo had seen fit to jar her propeller clean off at the stern tube, and consequently had ceased to exist as a navigable craft for the space of thirty-six hours till taken in tow. Hence much delay. As he hammered imperiously on the office counter his ears were assailed with a burst of language, which, however regrettable, made it convincingly clear that the head of the firm was seriously perturbed.

'Sakes alive!' said the burly Englishman, as Lewison stormed from an inner room and the expletives floated around him, 'what the deuce is up?'

The agitated ship agent cannoned into his caller, and recoiled, puffing savage maledictions. His florid features glared interrogation.

'Just you take a turn outside an' let the blizzard blow through

that head of yours, and you'll feel calmer,' suggested Drummond stolidly.

The one advised danced with displeasure, and demanded his adviser's errand with ferocity. Drummond explained. Cunning began to replace the rage on Lewison's face.

'So you've come to assist the master of the *Venturer* from bein' captured?' he snarled.

'Yes.'

'Then you'd best go an' prevent him from sailing to-night, and bring back my niece, whom he has abducted, at the same time.'

The speaker seethed with suppressed fury. Drummond grunted polite concern.

'The very apple of my eye she is,' the uncle declared unctuously.

The agent of Lloyd's underwriters considered that he had not journeyed from London to aid in the recovery of eloping maidens. But the departure of the steamer was another matter.

'An' me spendin' days in huntin' up a new crew for him,' pursued the exasperated Lewison—'helpin' him all I can.'

Something in the last speech had a ring not entirely genuine. His hearer stared meditatively at the speaker's greenish blinking eyes and unshaven jaw. What was the fellow concealing?

At this stage Drummond proposed a drink. In fact both men condescended to several drinks, over which the interview became more amicable, though urgent. Lewison opined that 'an obstinate chit than that girl didn't breathe,' and the sailor suggested that it was imperative to interview the *Venturer's* master without delay. More and more impressed with the urgency of the case, Drummond finally took the ship agent by the arm, and dragged him—still denunciatory—to the quay. Here they chartered a sampan.

Lewison, though protesting, began to think that the very decoy he most needed had been provided providentially. The steamer must be delayed till the morrow; all else was nought to him. Otherwise his carefully maturing plans would miscarry in confusion, and much good money be unearned thereby.

The shore shadows were lengthening in the gloom. The rumble of the revolving capstan jarred the stillness of the bay. The metallic clank of the cable chain hauling through the muddy hawse-hole announced that the anchor was being raised. Deep

exhortation on the fo'c'sle betokened haste. The sampan surged alongside the *Venturer*. Whereupon a frowsy-headed man emerged from the lee door of the galley and pushed her off with a pole. Lewison bellowed awesomely.

'The cap'n's busy. An' if yer gets any redder in the face yer'll bust,' said the offender genially. 'An' spatter our paint-work 'orrid.'

Drummond grasped at the rope ladder hanging over the steamer's side. At that moment Fairton appeared at the top.

'What do you want?' he demanded with brusqueness.

'To speak with you, captain, please,' Drummond answered civilly.

'Speak away then.' The invitation was not encouraging.

'You have got my niece aboard,' interposed the angry Lewison. 'She will return to me at once.'

Fairton looked along the deck to where a slight dark figure was holding on to a twisted wire shroud. Her eyes were wide with dismay.

'No, she won't!' he answered curtly.

'You're breaking the law'—the voice of its upholder was shrill—'I'll have you arrested for seducin' her away,' he screamed.

'I will marry her first!' Fairton was speaking with quietness. 'Now, have you done?'

'You just stop till mornin' for the rest of your crew, an' give me back the girl,' clamoured the ship agent.

'What for?'

This was maddening. The listener rocked in the boat with wrath. 'I'll give her "what for" when I get her,' roared the outraged man.

'And I'll see you damned first,' was the blunt rejoinder from above. 'Shove off there!'

The Chinese boatman was hunting unconcernedly along his pigtail for an irritating insect. Drummond was holding on to the lower rung of the ship's ladder. Suddenly the gloom was stung by the flash of a revolver. Lewison had fired point-blank at the girl on deck.

Then there was a concert—as the cook of the *Venturer*, who had been an interested observer, subsequently expressed it. Drummond himself knocked the smoking pistol out of Lewison's hand into the sea. Then he sprang up the ladder. With his foot he pushed the sampan clear. A bubbling at the steamer's

stern answered to the sudden slow grind of the half-speed engines. The *Venturer* was under way, and the native craft wallowed in the wash.

Lewison subsided with violence on to a thwart, giving vent to incoherent splutters as he wrung the slops which the cook had adroitly heaved over him from his eyes. His protesting roars grew fainter. The *Venturer* drew away into the smother of the night.

In the chart-room Beatrice Dennis stood again before the captain, with burning cheeks. She had drawn back against the far doorway as though to seek a refuge from the sudden shamed comprehension which stormed at her beating heart. She was in the presence of a crisis from which no girl can come unchanged.

'Well, you can't go back to Lewison now,' said Fairton with deliberation.

'Will you put me ashore at Port Arthur?' she asked at length.

'If you wish it,' he answered gravely. 'But what will you do there?'

'Oh, what does it matter what I do?' she said. 'Perhaps I can get work in some hospital as nurse. It has never mattered to anybody what happens to me. I'm used to that.'

'I think you will find it does matter,' Bernard Fairton told her gently. But Beatrice flung on reckless, unheeding, almost as if she wished to hurt him:

'I will tell you. Lewison had a son—I was a mere girl—I was in love with him; his father sent him to Shanghai. There he married a rich girl; it was three years ago. Not that I care now,' she cried with heaving breast.

Fairton scrutinized her flawless face wistfully. The lines of her lifted chin and delicate throat were perfect against the background of the chart-room graining. The love of such a maiden must be wonderful to win!

'And you! what must you think of me?' she cried, still flaming. 'You see what I am—unwomanly, unmannered. How do you know that my being here now is not part of some plot to lure you, as it is?'

The reply came with strange promptitude. 'I can read it in your eyes,' he just had time to answer as Drummond entered. Though how he was able to do this when they refused to meet his own was not explained.

The captain's mood altered.

'You've come aboard my ship unasked,' he said harshly. 'What is your business?'

Drummond told him.

'Well, you had better lend a hand then; we shall want it,' opined the skipper surlily. 'Though probably it will be bad for your underwriters,' he added with a touch of malice. For Fairton was annoyed at the other's interruption at that moment. But Drummond refused to be ruffled.

'What did you mean by saying that the ship had been sold to the Japanese, Miss Dennis?' He swung round on the girl with calculated abruptness.

'You've been eavesdropping!' was her prompt parry to this.

Drummond smiled unabashed. The girl turned to Fairton.

'Do you trust your new crew—such as you've got?'

'They are only some dozen Chinamen,' he replied rather uneasily.

'Ye—es.' She hesitated. Her suspicions were only conjectures after all.

'And we have got to go on now and take our chance,' Fairton concluded; in which Lloyd's representative acquiesced.

The *Venturer* headed seawards. The European officers were alert; nothing seemed to escape their vigilant observation. The attitude of the Chinese crew proved one of submissive obedience, till with the grey of the next evening came the danger—and the snow.

The latter had been threatening for some time. The glass was falling steadily; in the biting cold the mercury in the thermometer had shrunk almost to the bulb; now the nor'easter from the Gulf of Pechili drove the snow-flakes swift and dazzling over the sullen sea. The air was dense with fluttering whiteness. Thicker and thicker it drifted heavily from the livid dulness of the sky.

Snow at sea is deadly. It blinds the peering eyes under the knitted brows of the men on watch. Yet Fairton drove the *Venturer* onwards at top speed, boring her way through the pall of muffling snow-clouds. Time might be everything. It was safer to take the risks of navigation in the white obscurity than to linger in the hostile zone of war.

The Miaotao Islands had been left astern. Leaning forward over the canvas wind screen of the bridge, Beatrice Dennis strove to pierce the murky masses of the oncoming night of snow. Strain

as she might, she could see nothing. It was two bells in the first dog-watch.

She had been enveloped in an ulster of the captain's—with resolution. Her face was puckered with the driving cold; her eyes ached in the blinding glare of the mist. Yet there was a dauntlessness about her which grew with the proximity of the peril and the need. The hours were speeding quickly, but each one merely brought renewed anticipations as to the difficulties of the next. The girl had refused steadfastly to remain below. Between her and Fairton a tacit tie seemed to have sprung into strange existence, by which they were bound to meet whate'er befell them side by side; for life at sea draws people very close together; in this it is so different from the land, which separates conventionally apart. Something was going to happen. Beatrice felt her pulses stir as she scented it at hand.

'What's yonder to starboard?'

She stood, a figure of white, listening with eager intentness in the woolly silence. One hand was on the frozen bridge-rail, the other pointed seawards as she spoke. Fairton caught up the binoculars and searched earnestly over the surface of the sea. The distant pant of other engines was faintly audible.

He wiped the glasses with his sleeve and passed them to Drummond. The look of sleeplessness and long vigil vanished; stern pugnacity hardened on his face instead. At that moment came a hail from aft.

'Heave to, that ship!' a voice rang out peremptorily in English. Through the curtaining snow a Japanese torpedo-boat slid towards the *Venturer*. The quick-firer on her forward deck sidled round ominously; its sights aligned themselves with swiftmess on the *Venturer's* wheel.

'Where are you bound for?' came the crisp call across the water. Then, without waiting for answer, followed the sharp command:

'Stop! or we fire.'

With despair in his heart Fairton rang off his engines. The shrill tinkle of the telegraph sounded the knell of his hopes. Escape from the wasp-like enemy was impossible. The torpedo-boat closed inwards, sheered against the *Venturer*, and the fenders rasped along her muddy grey hull.

The crew had come on deck, aroused by the shouts. One of the Chinamen was slinking aft.

In that tense moment Beatrice felt her wrist seized. 'Do you understand Japanese?' Drummond whispered to her through dry lips. She assented with quick intelligence. 'Then slip after that chap there, and listen—sharp!'

Round the engine-room combings the deck was wet and slippery with half-melting snow; aft its accumulation deadened her light footfall. The last daylight was waning, and the darkness was sharpened with frost. The *Venturer* rolled lifelessly in the swell, forging slightly ahead with her own momentum. The torpedo-boat dropped a little astern, and bobbed uneasily alongside. By her conning tower stood a diminutive figure who was speaking earnestly to the man of the steamer's crew at the rail. Beatrice clenched her little fist involuntarily at the words. Crouching in the shadow of the deck-house, her wits were never so keen as at that moment of peril when she needed them. With the best of women it is often so.

As she listened motionless her eyes flashed. The colloquy overheard was brief. A few questions were asked, some instructions given. The girl's heart pulsed with restrained excitement. Then the Japanese officer snapped his watch-case in the blurr of the binnacle lamp, and assented with final curtness to something urged by his countryman on the *Venturer's* deck. Neither of the speakers noticed for a moment the slim young form in the darkness so silent and so still.

The officer waved his hand; the suspense ended. After a second's pregnant pause the torpedo-boat put her helm over and vanished phantom-like into the snow-storm. Her port light winked balefully out into the patches of the night as she disappeared. The swirl of water from her twin screws eddied thickly for a minute and died down. She left behind her men on the bridge of the cargo-boat astounded, almost dumb, at their escape.

'What, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of that?' said Fairton hoarsely. Mechanically he jammed the telegraph handle back to full-speed ahead. The big steamer vibrated again with energy. Once more she shoved her nose into the gloom of her course.

Beatrice Dennis came through the darkness into the gleam of the chart-room. Her face was pallid as the snow without. She met Drummond unflinching. 'Well?' was all he said.

'Call the captain,' she ordered. Fairton came at once.

'Can you get that man of the crew who spoke to the Japanese

in here alone? Only be ready not to let him join the others again and give the alarm—if I'm right.'

Fairton nodded comprehension. He went out. Presently he returned with the sailor. He was a squat-featured Mongolian; in his black beady eyes was the glitter of fanaticism. Behind the two men another form lurked with mysteriousness.

'Pull his pigtail!' decreed Beatrice, in an odd voice.

At this brutal command the captain stared, and the owner of the pigtail squirmed suddenly like a trapped thing. But Drummond instantly grasped her meaning. He seized that appendage, and gave it a wrench with deftness. It came off in his hand.

'Hell!' The face of the disguised Japanese lit with fury. But the cook, who was a resourceful man and unseen behind him, swiftly flung a very dirty sack, which had once held potatoes, over his head. This modified the subsequent struggle.

A few minutes later Lieutenant Okara, of the Imperial Japanese Navy, was successfully propelled along the deck, and hustled without ceremony into a store pantry. There he was locked securely amid the butter casks and onions. His captor, the cook, lit the pipe of gratification outside and grinned at the sound of the prisoner's bumpings.

There was a great shortage of firemen in the stokehole. Said the engineer when summoned to a conference by his captain:

'Mon, there'll be nae insubordination wi' the pairsons in question while me an' the second obsairve their welfare affectionate wi' the peestols o' precaution. If ye can deespose o' the wily deevils on deck, sir, we'll e'en make Port Arthur yet.'

'Carry on then,' agreed Fairton rather sombrely. 'But spread them out remorselessly if there's trouble.'

'Never ye fear, sir,' averred the brawny Scotchman with solemnity. 'We'll aye handle the roubles o' safety still.'

And so the *Venturer* ploughed steaming into the blackness, while her officers proceeded to deal with others of the native deck hands.

From the next masquerading Chinaman tackled, coercion extracted information; and he was induced to reveal to the despised foreign girl, who spoke his language so easily, the whereabouts of a package which Beatrice greatly desired to locate. Thereupon the steward took charge of this informant with the slanting, shifty gaze. While held by the shoulders on his way to the lazarette the Englishman's foot was suitably applied. The victim howled at a treatment so convincing, and the chart-room furniture was

rearranged after the scrimmage. Then the fo'c'stle was entered, and cleared at the point of persuasive revolver barrels of the few occupants left there.

'Oh, be very careful,' besought Beatrice with ashy cheeks and scared pulsating nostrils. She pointed to a heavy box stowed under a bunk. 'It's the bursting charges for the holds,' she said.

Thus admonished, the movers of that package were tenderness itself. Just as it was being very gingerly consigned to the fish of the deep-sea soundings, a hidden Japanese sailor sprang at Fairton with savage despair from behind a winch. The two men reeled on the slithering deck; an unsheathed knife gleamed dully.

Drummond was occupied in lowering the explosives overboard. Fairton, taken unawares, was underneath in the fray. Beatrice never paused.

In that fleeting second she knew that she loved, and the knowledge possessed her soul. Such an awakening is unaccountable, but nevertheless it can be true. He was *her* man there, and he was fighting for his very life. Her strong little hands wrenched at the coat-collar of the writhing Japanese with desperate energy.

He wriggled savagely, turned over, and stabbed at his new opponent with madness. The blade of the weapon ripped the sleeve of her jacket, and the blood spurted from her wounded arm. Then the flash of a revolver singed her hair.

'That chap's become an ancestor,' remarked Drummond, coolly re-pocketing his pistol. 'My God! you're hurt.'

'It's only a scratch,' she panted. But Fairton was on his feet again. His arm was round her waist. Everything else was forgotten in his passionate fear for her. He was white to the lips.

'How dare you take such a risk—for me?' he cried.

'It's all right now,' she answered humbly. Though she was not thinking of herself. She staggered with queer helplessness against the hatchway.

He half carried her into the chart-room, strong in a wild sense of joy that somehow he should be the possessor of this girl who had been mauled in the act of protecting him. Drummond bandaged her arm. He was quiet and skilful, with a strangely tender touch. Nothing seemed to come amiss to him.

The warmth of the fire, the brandy that Fairton fetched for her, perhaps some inner consciousness of feelings unmasked in the peril, brought a dusky glow of colour into that fair young face, so cold and set. She sat up suddenly with girlish dignity.

'I'm better ; I was a fool to faint. Do you understand it all now ?' she challenged, with bright blue eyes.

'Don't talk !' But the patient demurred mutinously.

'I shall if I want to. You're not to scold. Listen ! I heard the torpedo-boat officer tell part, and I guessed the rest. The Japanese don't want to capture you. They would rather sink you in Port Arthur Channel. They mean to jam the *Venturer* there to bottle up the Russian warships in the harbour so that they can't escape.'

In a flash both men understood.

The air at Chefoo had been thick with rumours of repulse. The grand assault of Nogi's splendid army on the second line of the Port Arthur defences had been hurled back in a chaos of ruin and slaughter. The Baltic Fleet had sailed for the East. The Vladivostok squadron was out again seeking juncture with the Port Arthur battleships. The previous heroic attempts of the Japanese to choke the narrow fairway had been thwarted by the searchlights, and had withered away under the guns of the Russian batteries, aided by the frustrating tide-eddies and sweeps of the great Bay. The arrival of the blockade-runner suggested another course. She should be permitted to pass through the cordon of investing Japanese vessels. The Russians would not only welcome her entry into the neck-shaped channel, but would actually pilot her through the protecting booms and minefields. Then in the right spot in the funnelled fairway the crew, shipped for the purpose, would scuttle her by explosion. Thus the path of egress of the sorely pressed war fleet within the harbour would be barred, leaving it imprisoned at the mercy of the enfilading siege guns of the next attack by land.

It was a pretty scheme of craft and daring. It was foiled—by a girl.

Of those last hours of the voyage of the *Venturer* no very clear account is ever obtainable from her navigators. Sometimes they will speak of confused recollections blurred on the retina of memory ; but it is not easy to induce them to do this. It was as if all the outside world were dead, so that they moved in the lonely vista of a dream that passed. The hail drove out of the blackness, sloshed over the drenching bridge, penetrated every cranny, stinging with bitter cold. Once in the lowering gloom of the dawning a gaunt cruiser emerged of a sudden from out the cauldron of the snow fog, the smoke pouring from her brine-encrusted funnels, a stretch

of foam streaking the waters in her seething wake. Her megaphone blared menacing inquiry. In obedience to Beatrice's instructions the red port light was unshipped and flashed five times—dot—three dashes—dot; and the warship heaved away, hooting on her syren. 'It is the arranged private signal of the Japanese; I learnt it from our prisoners,' said the signaller in explanation.

'Are you running this pleasure cruise or is yon girl?' Drummond queried huskily of his companion on the bridge. And Fairton twice reiterated, 'The girl.'

Gradually, as they crept through the snow smother, the reverberation of distant gunfire resounded nearer. With a blaze of courage in her eyes Beatrice turned to the captain. In a tingle of expectation and hope she pointed to a reach of black water ahead. Over it a battered destroyer danced towards them. A rocket seared the sky.

'It's the Russians at last!' she cried, exultingly. 'Now they will pilot us in.'

The rocks of the whitened headlands, the farther trench-seamed mountains, broke into the horizon of the sea. The voyage was done.

It is a well-known fact at Lloyd's that one British steamer succeeded in running the blockade into Port Arthur late in the siege.

There were worn men in reeking fortress hospitals who blessed the coming of the *Venturer* with the merciful medical supplies. There were starving moujik soldiers to whom her advent brought an extra ration of comfort before the next great fight. There was a Secret Service agent of the Imperial Navy of Japan who reviled old man Lewison in the privacy of his Chefoo office, and spoke cold and brutal words concerning incompetency to perform engagements. And there was a joyful group of underwriters round a flimsy yellow paper in the telegraph-room of the London Royal Exchange who congratulated each other with warmth on the arrival of a heavily insured cargo steamer and subscribed a gratuity for her master. But none of them suspected to whom the credit was rightly due.

Beatrice came into the after cabin and flung back the hooded cape which cloaked her throat and ears. She looked white and spent; there were dark circles under the long-lashed eyes. Fairton

rose quickly to greet her. The short days of perilous comradeship were over. It had to be decided what remained.

'The question is what I am going to do now,' the girl announced. A hint of appeal mingled with the grave air of innocence on her face.

'Trust yourself to me,' said the man who watched her, briefly.

'I've been doing that,' she flashed on the impulse.

'From Chefoo to Port Arthur,' responded the sailor slowly. 'It is not far.'

'I'm a perfect disgrace to behold in this frock,' said Beatrice, with forlorn irrelevance. 'You can't attempt to contradict it,' she flushed.

'There is one possible course open to you,' began Fairton, ignoring the challenge of the frock.

'Go on!' said the girl as he paused.

'It's painfully obvious.'

She seated herself on the edge of the saloon table, and dangled a small foot with *abandon*. 'Still, I'll consider it,' she offered judicially. Her eyes shone with the wise candour of a child.

'I mentioned my plan to Lewison the night you came on board.'

'Everyone was making such a hubbub I don't think I can have heard,' she murmured in hurried comment.

Wherefore the captain of the *Venturer* proceeded again to urge his idea to the other person so chiefly concerned. Her verbal consent was muffled by her companion's methods of persuasion. The love colour swept enchantingly into her cheeks. And Beatrice became content.

ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

MARLBOROUGH AND SAVERNAKE.

ALOOOF from the world though it lies, and happily so, as many of its friends think, the little market town of Marlborough has contrived throughout the ages to link its name or its fortunes with things of note in a manner partly fortuitous but quite remarkable. As the Roman town of Cunetio, the junction of several roads with the great highway to Bath, its importance at that time may be inferred with sufficient accuracy. Most of our earlier kings and queens, and some later ones, sojourned for longer or shorter periods in its now vanished castle, held parliaments there, or coined money. The Protector Somerset was a native, and its local overlord, and Henry VIII. came down to marry Jane Seymour at her home in Savernake Forest. In the Civil War, and as a mainly Roundhead town, it played a vigorous part and suffered much. Before the Restoration a furious fire, carried by a high wind, burned two-thirds of it to the ground, and collections were made all over England and Wales for its houseless citizens, while it gave its title to England's greatest soldier of all time. Its great manor-house, built and rebuilt on the site of the royal castle, and visited by Dutch William on his way back from 'The Boyne,' became, under the Countess of Hertford, a notable seat of the fashionable Arcadian craze, and the shelter of poets and men of fashion. Then, for the whole of the coaching period, the same imposing pile, with its beautiful groves of yew and lime, its lawns, terraces and bowling-green, was the noblest hostelry, not only on the Bath road but in England. Lastly, some sixty years ago, a public school, destined after much tribulation to succeed, took possession of this long-memoried site, to the mutual advantage of all concerned, and has carried its name to the outermost ends of the world.

Starting from its gates with a suggestion of the ancient feudal connection and mutual service between town and castle, sustained in other forms through all vicissitudes to the present day, one of the most picturesque of English rural high streets stretches its generous breadth directly eastward for just half a mile. Indeed, no town in England, big or little, has quite so ample a main thoroughfare. This peculiarity is still further emphasised by the

slope it traverses, which dips sideways towards the Kennet and the south, with such determination that the wags of rival towns were accustomed to affect concern at the prospect of driving through Marlborough in a two-wheel trap! Time has dealt kindly with the old pocket borough, so essentially Wiltshire in its flavour of down and flock, of water meadow and chalk stream. Its type is not that of stately and defiant Ludlow, nor of the close-packed labyrinthine quaintness of Rye, nor, again, is there the grimness of wall-girt and crenelated Conway. Marlborough is a town of generous spaces, wide open for the most part to the sunshine and the south. Its aspect is that of bright and cheerful old age. There is no suggestion of drum and trumpet in its past nor yet any of crowded squalor in its present. It looks as if it had nothing to be ashamed of, and could not hide it if it had. There are no eyesores of either an industrial or depressing nature around its skirts, nor slums worth mentioning within its limits. Its streets and arteries terminate abruptly much where they have always terminated and launch you at once into rural peace. The back premises of the upper side of its long street open directly on to green pastures, which soon expand into miles innumerable of solitary sheep-walks, that to the north and westward seem completely to shut out the world. At the foot of the long and often delightful gardens that lie behind its lower side, the Kennet flows deep and clear beneath an avenue of foliage, and beyond the Kennet all again is Arcady, with the noble forest of Savernake crowning the adjacent heights.

Something over three thousand souls make up the present population, about the number, then of course a much more significant one, that shared in the struggle of Puritan and loyalist, a fact which accounts for the scarcely changed limitations of its ancient streets. A time-honoured but somewhat futile subject of discussion is what the census might indicate to-day but for the accident which threw the 'Castle Inn' into the hands of the benevolent founders of Marlborough College in the nick of time. Railways were leaving the place in painful isolation, passing far away to the north and to the south. The Bath road, once so busy, was relapsing into silence, while the conditions that in earlier times kept the life blood circulating in small country towns were rapidly disappearing, and here was one lying in the heart of an exceptionally unpopulous region. In trifling breezes of a town and gown nature that sometimes blew mildly in former days aldermanic patriots courted the sharp reminder, not always by the gown, that but for

the school they might have been, if not as one of the Cities of the Plain, at any rate as Bedwyn or Pewsey — a comparison which may not convey much to the reader, but is plain-speaking enough to a Wiltshireman. Devizes or Hungerford or Swindon would, I am sure, have rubbed in the prophetic utterance with neighbourly emphasis if they had been appealed to. But these fine old stalwarts have long passed away—peace be to their ashes, for such occasional ebullitions of feeling, wholly rhetorical, I should remark, were human, nay, almost creditable; and indeed the relationship between the new inheritors of the coaching interest, the Hertford honours, and the royal precincts has been uniformly cordial and close with the place to which they have meant so much, and which one may truly say has meant so much, in a less material sense, to them. It is a curious and, I think, unique situation that a Victorian school should, by a mere accident, have been the means of preserving (I don't think the word is too strong) an historic town, and withal one of the most picturesque in England, from the fate that its peculiar situation made inevitable; and yet more that a combination of feudal circumstances and academic interests should maintain the old in comfort and repair, while the jerry-builder and the despoiler's hand is kept rigidly at a distance.

Time, as I have said, has dealt kindly with Marlborough. Fortune has favoured without pampering it. It would be untrue to say that most of the town is Tudor, or Jacobean, or even Queen Anne, but a good deal of it is. In that quarter which was partially saved from the great fire of 1653, picturesque and gabled antiquity is obvious enough, and especially conspicuous in a long and curious penthouse. Everywhere behind the necessary restorations of later periods—for wind and weather must be kept out—are to be found considerable fragments of fifteenth and sixteenth century work. But it is rather the general aspect of the place that is so engaging and so redolent of the past. It catches the fancy of the stranger at once and stays in his mind, and holds the affections of its friends with extraordinary tenacity. An ancient church with a lofty tower dominates one end of the long, wide and slanting street, looking right up it to another and still older one, which, marked by the guns of Royalist besiegers, towers high above a partial replica of a much earlier town hall. The latter was rifled by a Royalist army from Oxford, who burnt a good deal of property in the place and carried off much loot. The town hall terminates the High Street, which, parting into the shape of a Y, toils painfully up on

one hand to the 'Common' and open down country, beyond whence at the season of great fairs comes the soft patter of innumerable sheep. The other dips sharply towards the Kennet and away through the forest on its seventy-mile journey to London.

Within quite recent years there were periods of a summer day when this venerable borough, exposing most of its interior as it does to a single glance, would present as reposeful a picture as could be seen among rural bricks and mortar in all England. When the young life which throbs at its western limits with such vigour was under the heel of the taskmaster or yet more scattered to its five hundred homes, it was not impossible, on such occasions, to look down the whole length and breadth of this sunny, tilted-up, gable-bordered thoroughfare and discover it to be in sole possession of, let us say, a solitary dog, stretched, blissful and confidently in the dust of the highway. Those were moments, I used to think, in which Marlborough looked its best, for the peace was not that of decay or despair, but one of deliberate and dignified calm. But these lotos-eating moments, these afternoon trances, have gone for ever. The Bath road has taken out a new lease of life, more strenuous even than that former one whose legends filled one's youth when forty coaches a day changed horses at the Castle Inn. No dog would now venture a nap in the middle of the High Street, and most certainly not of an August afternoon; its life would not be worth five minutes' purchase. For motors riot through Marlborough nowadays, with a justifiable and joyous abandonment they could not venture in the cramped thoroughfares of other country towns. They come in streams on their way to and from the West, and evince such partiality for pausing here in their mad career that the distinguished stranger on the pavement no longer represents, as he did of old with tolerable certainty, the anxious parent concerned with examinations or the ordering of sumptuous feasts. Conservative ways, however, still cling to Marlborough. It is curiously indifferent to the casual visitor—that is to say, of providing for his accommodation. It doesn't put itself out of the way even for its parents, whom it holds in traditional regard, and who descend nowadays as elsewhere, in numbers unknown of yore, and I am alluding of course only to the business side of such entertainment. A school function fills its accommodation to bursting, and knowing folks secure theirs, I am assured, two or three years ahead. This is merely a question of space, not of good will or good service. The word 'boom' or 'improvement' in the vulgar

sense is never whispered on this sacred soil, which is well. The two rival hotels, representing in name the Castle interest and the territorial interest which in past ages were for a time distinct, still look at each other across the street with much the same exteriors they presented fifty years ago.

Yet for the intelligent wanderer it would be hard to find a neighbourhood more abounding in scenes of striking interest combined with so much variety of physical charm. No stranger could settle in Marlborough; there would not be room for him; nor, I fancy, could he build a house outside of it if he wanted to ever so much. On the pleasant slopes that stretch upward from the town towards the common, where race meetings of note were held of old, and to the downs, it is true there is to be found almost the only departure from ancient ways and time-honoured limitations. For here, scattered fitfully about, inviting the morning sun and the fresh breezes from downs illimitable, are the abodes of persons who have earned the right, so to speak, by long service or other connection to fashion houses for themselves and spend the evening of their days on this exclusive soil, though a cynical stranger might perhaps venture to traverse the residential attractions of this remote Wiltshire town, so far removed from centres and even from main lines of railway.

But the spell which Marlborough and its country exert over so many persons of discrimination who are long under its influence is locally proverbial. No explanation of such attachments might suggest itself to every visitor; still, if he were only to look down from these high slopes, or from the summit of the school playing fields, he would admit there was a pretty beginning for so robust a faith. He would see the red-roofed, gabled town below stretching along the valley from its western to its eastern church towers, with the beech foliage of Savernake Forest mantling high in the immediate background. He would mark the Kennet coiling through its green meadows towards the stately groves of the Seymours, towering high above the roof trees, old and new, of the school precincts, and even above the huge prehistoric tumulus, which Evelyn surmounted by the woody spiral walks which still lead to its summit. Above the shimmer of the Kennet rises Granham Hill, with one of the five 'White Horses' of Wiltshire prancing on its steep face, and not far away the spot is visible where the poet Thomson sat gathering inspiration for the first of the 'Seasons' till Lady Hertford, his patroness, packed him off in dudgeon, as fonder of his Lordship's

bottle than her boudoir. Far away up the Kennet valley, and beyond its sources to the west and north, stretches the billowy downland even to the hazy ridges which look down upon Devizes, Calne, and the fat grass lowlands of the Western country. Here, in this wide and thinly peopled land, memorials of the dead almost make up in number for the absence of the living. Everywhere upon the sheep-cropped turf one is in the presence of these mysterious relics; the sky-line, near or far off, is pimpled with the mound graves of warriors, the higher crests escarped with the ramparts and deep fosses where they wrestled with invading foes. The whole country is seamed with the trackways of prehistoric man; the sharper slopes terraced by his hands, for what purposes may now be only guessed at; the turf underlaid everywhere with his rude implements. If the great mound in the college precincts at Marlborough was wrought by sixteenth century landscape gardeners into umbrageous harmony with the quaintly clipped yew-trees and shaven bowling-greens and stately limes of their immediate successors, Silbury, the largest tumulus in Europe, still towers above the Bath road and the sources of the Kennet in its pristine mantle of turf. Avebury, too, is at hand, the Druidical metropolis of Britain and of much more than Britain, as some maintain. A village, ancient as our reckoning goes, old enough at least to boast some Saxon windows in its church, lies here easily encircled by the deep fosse which protected this renowned and sacred spot. The huge grey monoliths that still rear their heads in the paddocks and farmyards of Avebury do not, perhaps, strike the layman with such immediate awe as the more compact and perfect monuments of Stonehenge. But the expert who can reconstruct this great temple in his own mind, and picture without effort the miles of stone-bordered avenues that ran hence across the uplands, holds Avebury higher, as he holds it more ancient, than its more popular and famous neighbour on Salisbury Plain. 'The most august work at this day upon the globe of the earth,' as Stukeley called it.

How were all but some half a dozen of these 190 great temple stones and the hundreds of smaller ones on the avenues, of which about a dozen survive, destroyed? The answer is simple enough. There is no mystery in this, at any rate, for most of the farmhouses, better-class cottages, barns, walls and pigsties throughout this country are built of Sarsen stones, those queer aliens so thickly strewn over the surface of this North Wilts chalk country. And when Sarsens were so conveniently gathered together by the

ancients, what more natural? If better evidence than our own eyes were needed, Aubrey, Stukeley and others saw the operation actually going on at Avebury, and describe the heating process by which the villagers broke up the sacred relics. This vandalism only dates from the seventeenth century when after all these ages the destroyers' hand descended on what in a few brief years would have been held as priceless monuments. But this will not do; we shall be getting entangled next among flint arrow-heads and stone implements and all those kindred mysteries in which almost every dweller by the Upper Kennet, and indeed in Wiltshire, must dabble a little, and some few hold as the interest of their lives.

The infant courses of the Kennet, like those of some of its tributaries and other Wiltshire streams, have an un-oward habit of drying entirely up in the summer, above the point where one or other of those unfailing chalk springs gush out that seem to maintain the waters below at their normal height. The number of Winter-bournes in the village nomenclature of the county gives good evidence of this. At the little hamlet of Kennet, a mile or so from Avebury, and Silbury, where the somewhat famous ale of that name has for some generations been brewed, the river begins to flow perennially from one of these unfailing fountains. But it hardly does itself justice, nor gives much encouragement to the lusty trout, for which it is renowned through the angling world, till it arrives within sight of the luxuriant groves of the college, with the tapering spire of Bodley's beautiful chapel rising high above them. As you draw near them and begin to pass under the leafy precincts and pleasant gardens of the school boarding-houses that have spread out into the country along the Bath road, the Kennet begins to show bravely in the bordering meads. With all the newborn dignity of a full-volumed fly-fisher's river, it steals by the foot of the ancient graveyard of Preshute and almost washes the walls of its little Norman church. Though historical allusion in a place so steeped in history as Marlborough is somewhat dangerous, it may be worth noting that King John, who was a great deal here, celebrated his first marriage possibly in this very church, but if not in the chapel of his castle at Marlborough. This was the alliance with Isabel, the greatest heiress of her day, who endowed that most detestable of princes with the earldom of Gloucester and the lordship of Glamorgan. He divorced her when she proved childless, which in his position was not outrageous; but as her guardian he prevented her re-marriage for years that he

might handle her income, which most assuredly was so, but nevertheless just like him. Several of the children of his second marriage too were baptized in the curious font still extant and in use here.

To return, however, to present times, the picturesque churchyard and its adjoining mansion, annexed as a boarding-house quite early in the school's history, gave another opportunity to the latter to strike its roots deep into the past of this corner of Wiltshire. For almost all its members who have died here in sixty years—boys in tender youth, men cut off in their prime, others full of years and faithful service—lie under the turf or the horse-chestnuts of this delectable resting-place by the Kennet. Someone, at least, of an earlier day is said to lie uneasily, for the Preshute ghost is one of the venerable institutions of the locality, or used to be; and many a belated small boy passing under those chestnuts on dark winter nights has made across the churchyard for the friendly lights of his house with unseemly, if unconfessed, celerity. On summer evenings, however, when the curfew is sounding across the water meadows from Marlborough church tower and the trout are lazily sucking in their evening meal of flies, it is good to be here, ghost or no ghost, even in spite of the throbbing of the motors on the old Bath road but a bow-shot distant, which one might well fancy would lay anything but dust. The river runs hence a pleasant secluded course of a mile or so amid water meadows and beneath osiers and pollard willows towards the town, rioting for a brief moment in the pool of a disused mill which filled the measure of Lady Hertford's Arcadian raptures, as she tells us; thence, rippling over the gravelly reaches under 'Duck's Bridge,' grows deep and quiet again beneath the spreading foliage of a succession of private gardens. Duck, the pseudo-poet, the 'Thresher Duck,' who gained some spurious and short-lived fame at Court, was a native of the neighbourhood and worked as a labourer in these fields. Some day he will achieve complete identification with the bridge, to the exclusion of his worthier and more useful descendant, who within my memory acquired this reasonable prospect of immortality. And as we re-enter Marlborough thus fortuitously by the river bank, let us follow it a bow-shot further, to the old town mill, no doubt the appanage in ancient times of one or other of the monastic houses which then flourished here. For there yet belongs to it a curious old privilege, still religiously observed, of netting the river for a considerable distance, once a year, without regard to the ordinary laws of riparian ownership.

Some trout of five or six pounds are usually taken in this annual haul, and at intervals an occasional leviathan, as anyone familiar with Kennet fishing statistics would expect. The great wheel still goes threshing merrily round beneath the rush of clear chalk water, grinding much wheat no doubt from countries of whose very existence the old monks never even dreamed. The garden behind the mill, too, with its fruit-trees, flower-beds, and trim gravel-walks, covers the small island strip which parts the stream, and, with the wide seething millpool fretting its edges and the trout leaping in the slack water beneath pendent trees, and the grassy reach above reflecting the leafy roof that covers it, makes a charming picture of a summer evening. But we must leave the Kennet to escape once more into the meadows beneath the bridge, over which the London and Bath coaches, with the impetus of a mile-long gradient from Savernake Forest, swung into Marlborough in those piping times. Stealing down from mill to mill by thatched and gabled hamlets, it adds beauty and character to the silvan slopes of Ramsbury Chase, washes the lawn of its Queen Anne mansion by that same nephew of Inigo Jones who built the Hertford house at Marlborough, and so, passing the seat and minster of Wiltshire's ancient bishopric, enters the leafy shades of haunted Littlecote, with its wonderful Tudor house and its tragic story.

But, before taking leave of Marlborough at this lower end, I would say a word of an unavoidably inharmonious building recently erected just here, and pronounced upon its front to be a free school for boys and girls. The stranger fresh from the mellowing influences of the old High Street might well cast a contemptuous glance upon this garish intruder, but to a native it tells a moving and even pathetic story. If, perchance, the pious founders of the College could be recalled to earth and set down here, their pride in their lusty offspring at the west end of the town might admit, perhaps, a passing pang for the completeness of the havoc they have unintentionally wrought at this east end. It is a question purely of sentiment, to be sure, not of a hardship to any persons or communities. For this modest Intermediate day-school has arisen on the ashes of a once quite famous grammar school, to which Wiltshire's landed families, Bruces, Goddards, Penruddocks and many people of condition far beyond Wiltshire, at one time freely sent their sons. The writer can remember it a still fairly flourishing institution of some sixty pupils, utilising its close scholarships at the universities and even catering for the army, though already

fallen much from its former state. It is not known by very many people living that Marlborough College was very nearly incorporated with an ancient Edward VI. foundation, and thereby placed in the position of repudiating what we may presume to be its single reproach among its kind, that of modernity. It is a long story, and not without both humour and pathos. But the situation in this little town, then hopelessly cut off from the world, was interesting, almost dramatic, when, sixty-three years ago, some four hundreds of boys were dumped down almost at once in the historic Seymour Mansion and its somewhat crude additions now so mercifully draped with ivy. The feelings of the ancient grammar school, still possessed of a not unworthy pride and not yet, certainly not in its own opinion, on the downhill grade, can readily be imagined. There are many now almost forgotten legends, of a (to us) humorous nature concerning this strained situation. Dr. Wilkinson and even Bishop Cotton, who must have enjoyed it thoroughly, had more than once, it is said, to play second academic fiddle in municipal functions and hear themselves referred to with scarcely veiled sarcasm as 'our younger rivals' or as 'the recent institution in our midst.' It is all so natural, too, and so human. It is a true tale, I believe, that the College in primitive times, before it aspired to meet Rugby at Lord's, suffered defeat from the grammar school cricket field, a fact any one familiar with the rambling habits of the four hundred West-country squires and parsons' sons who constituted the original community can well believe. The old school was sore and proud, the other was doubtless contemptuous or still worse indifferent. The former had turned out famous men, Dr. Sacheverell and General Picton among them. Sir Evelyn Wood started there and then went over to the enemy. Tom Moore, who lived near Calne for thirty years, sent his sons to the Marlborough Grammar School, and he notes in his journal that one of them came home for Christmas black and blue all over, for it had a tremendous reputation for flogging in those halcyon days. About this time came the movement for an amalgamation. The Ailesbury family, good friends then and always to both sides, urged it strenuously, and I think proposed it. The College, then only tenants and insecure financially, accepted the suggestion frankly if not enthusiastically. The scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge and a moderate landed endowment were an undoubted asset. But the governors of the old school, or some of them, could not read the handwriting on the wall; they were probably the only people who

could not. But ancient prejudice half a century or more back was a hardy plant in Marlborough, and local patriotism, which the new school has long ago absolutely captured, was then reserved for the old. Even the Ailesbury interest, which was of exceptional power and popularity, and had had no shadow of a feudal rival, was ineffective in this matter. The sequel was plain to most then, and to all now. The College lost its chance, whatever such may have been worth, of annexing while still young and little known an ancient birthright, as it had occupied an ancient and far more splendid seat, and Edward VI.'s old school was slowly but surely crushed out of existence, to begin again, usefully let us hope, but upon other lines which quite break with its past.

In a social and economic sense this bit of Wiltshire is surely without a parallel in any ordinary English county. For within an area of about 250 square miles, of which Marlborough is nearly the centre, there is not a single country squire, well, one of small estate might just come within the boundary I have drawn. A single great family, seated in Savernake Forest, and its connections own the larger part of this vast tract, the remainder is variously owned, but not in such fashion as to affect the above statement. I know no bit of civilised England at all like this one, nor any country town even in the wilder and remoter parts of the kingdom, so absolutely devoid of what in this sense is meant by a 'neighbourhood.' One might fairly say that scarcely a single family who either live by their rents or occupy the seat of absentees who do, for there are no such seats, are naturally within the shopping and marketing radius of Marlborough, an old and fairly important town commanding an extremely wide area. Nor have there been any to speak of for many generations. There are, as elsewhere, in Wiltshire a good number of old and interesting manor-houses of the smaller kind, relics of a long departed squirearchy and none too large for the stamp of farmers who mainly occupy this country; men with good establishments holding anything from one to four thousand acres, and who often have practically to play the squire in their respective villages. Occasionally, but rarely, a well-to-do stranger of leisure may be found seated in one or other of such manor-houses, and then there are great training stables, as all the world knows, at Fyfield, Beckhampton and elsewhere. But the sociology of this interesting little principality is, I venture to think, unique. A great marquissate of intimate and historic ties with it; an old town kept prosperous without any of the disfigurements of

prosperity ; a small group of long-seated civic families who have been professionally and otherwise conspicuous in town and county above the common for some generations. A large public school, not only giving the inevitable academic flavour and buoyancy to life, but taking a place in local affairs of every description that its peculiar situation invites and almost compels, even to a share in civic office and administration. Lastly, a vast tributary country thinly populated by parsons, broad-acred farmers and Wiltshire labourers, a region containing at once the wildest downland and the finest timber in England. No Victorian school of importance has been anything like so happily and picturesquely seated, fortuitous as was the choice and inconvenient even still, perhaps, from a *Bradshaw* point of view ; but then, that all makes for the charm of it. Else, perhaps the curfew would not still ring, nor the town crier clad in gorgeous livery of blue and red ring his bell down the High Street, nor the jerry-builder and the tall chimney and corrugated iron roof be kept so successfully at arm's length, nor the delightful Wiltshire accent flourish in such comparative purity, nor the fortunate resident wander across country where he please, on foot or horseback, in any direction and for any distance.

But what of Savernake, that crowning glory of Marlborough ! twenty and odd square miles of the noblest forest in England. There are no distracting interludes here of spiky fir plantations, no waste and bare places to mar the continuity of its superb hardwood timber, or to disturb the fancy that is carried insensibly back to an England of other days in these wild woodland solitudes. For here are still breathing veterans that were lusty young trees in the days of the Crusader and others yet in full pride of limb and foliage who as mere saplings heard the Royalist guns playing on Marlborough. The great avenues that traverse the forest are the only suggestion of the hand of man. But it is the hand of two centuries ago, which makes some difference, and its taste and cunning have borne fruit in the noblest and most majestic Gothic aisles into which forest trees have ever been fashioned on such a scale and for such great distances, so at least say impartial persons of knowledge in such matters, with tolerable unanimity. The Grand Avenue, nearly five miles long and running direct through the forest from one end to the other, is of these the most notable. The gigantic beeches of which it is mainly composed, clean, shapely, and of a prodigious elevation to what architects call the 'spring of the arch,' stand not only as near one another as lusty growth admits of,

but sometimes in double rows upon either side. The vaulted roof, which for miles shuts out the sky, is as dense as it is shapely, and proportionately more solemn in its effect. This, again, is further heightened by the rise and fall of these stately corridors over the undulations into which this woodland plateau has formed itself. The very contrast too of their majestic symmetry and solemn gloom, to the primitive and sunlit forest scenery that stretches to the right and left, makes for further distinction. Here all around them on the bracken slopes or tortuous glades of sward are gnarled and rugged oaks bearing betimes a weight of years almost unthinkable. With scattered satellites of birch and ash, of holly and hawthorn, which give welcome patches of scarlet to drear December and a blaze of splendour to the bursting of this world of leaves.

Time may well seem to have stood still in Savernake, the ever-wooded heart of a forest once covering far wider limits, but not of necessity everywhere timbered. It has always, too, been open to the public, an almost misleading term for the few wanderers on foot or horseback who till quite recent years might well have rambled all day without encountering one another, or indeed any specimen of humanity but an odd woodcutter or verderer. Game preservation with its inevitable planting and trimming has hitherto been confined to a far corner. So that all over its ten or twelve thousand acres, save for these long-drawn avenues, Savernake is much what it was when the Protector Somerset, the Hertfords and King James I. in turn hunted the wild boar through its glades. Even yet, though increased railway connections bring holiday folk hither from the neighbouring counties, such invasions are intermittent and individually circumscribed. You might even now wander for days beneath the oaks and beeches, or over the keen sward of its winding glades, with no further company than the deer and the rabbits, the gay butterflies, the squirrels and the woodland birds that for a thousand years have found immemorial peace amid its shades. That Savernake has its historic trees goes without saying. The 'King Oak,' which within easy memory held its court on a wide level lawn in the centre of the forest, has practically collapsed. A faded photograph in my possession of date 1862 shows its largest remaining limb freshly fallen. The old tree must have been just about in its prime when young Walrond, scion of an ancient local family, was killed close to it by a stag and at the very feet of King James himself.

But 'the Duke's Vaunt,' an even more interesting oak, situated

near the eastern edge of the forest, still responds to each returning spring with a goodly crop of foliage on its shrunken limbs. It was thus designated as being the especial pride of the Protector Somerset, whose family seat of Wolfhall still stands to the southward of the present limits of the forest. Nearly four hundred years ago, then, this aged tree was in its prime. A century ago a writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' describes how as a boy forty years previously, while helping to beat the bounds of the forest, he was shut up with twenty others in its hollow trunk, which at that time was fitted with a door and lock. Nor could the oldest men, says our author, remember the tree being in any way different from what it then was. In other words, it has not materially altered in two hundred years.

A couple of Roman roads can be traced more or less through the forest to Cunetio, just above the modern Marlborough, while the Wansdyke enters it at one end to emerge to view just beyond the other, and traverses the down country in so conspicuous a fashion towards Devizes and Calne as to be visible miles away. A Roman villa, too, has been unearthed near Lord Ailesbury's house at Tottenham, just within the forest. And quite recently a well-known Wiltshire geologist discovered a rich deposit of flint implements of such nature as to stimulate the local talent to fresh excursions into the eolithic age, and into periods compared with which Stonehenge is but a creation of yesterday in spite of its four thousand years. The tenure of Savernake is such an ancient one that a good deal of sentiment was aroused when, a few years ago, it came within an ace of passing into the hands of a Dublin millionaire. The Esturmy horn, at Tottenham House, is a remarkable symbol of its continuity, for it was possessed by the family of that name who were wardens of the forest in the time of William the Conqueror, and has never left the spot. Esturmys succeeded one another till the reign of Henry VI., when the Seymours acquired their honours and lands by marriage, handing them on to the Bruces, the present owners, by the same process, something over two hundred years ago. Wolfhall, the ancient home of the Seymours, is still represented by a more recent farmhouse near the southern edge of the forest, but a fragment of the original building remaining. Here Henry VIII. was married to Jane Seymour within three days of the execution of the former's wife and the latter's mistress. A portion of the huge old barn where the marriage feast was held is yet standing, and its wooden walls were till

recently covered with rusty nails that local tradition stoutly maintained had supported the decorations which graced that famous festival. Henry was here several times afterwards and always with great pomp. Here also dwelt the Protector Somerset when not inhabiting more palatial residences of recent acquirement. Death alone, too, prevented him from building another and statelier Wolfhall on a neighbouring hill. Here, too, dwelt for a time, when he was not in the Tower, another Seymour, the husband of Lady Katherine Gray. And when the manorial residence had been removed to the site of the present Tottenham House within the forest, his grandson, married to another historic lady, Arabella Stuart, took up his abode there till the Parliament soldiers dislodged him, and, partly destroying the old lodge, prepared the way for the great pile which for some generations has been the home of the Bruces and essentially the 'Great House' of an immense district.

A. G. BRADLEY.

THE LAND OF MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN.

THERE is a land that 's only seen
 By Fancy's retrospective eye,
 Which on life's highway still can spy
 Stray signposts pointing right or left,
 To purple hills or woodlands green,
 Wide plain or secret valley, cleft
 In some huge mountain's shadowy side,
 Where dread and melancholy hide.
 To right and left the signposts stand,
 Untrodden paths on either hand,
 Yet all lead out to one same land,
 The land no living eye has seen,
 The wonderland of Might-have-been.

Grant I now live by sober prose,
 No 'hint of blue' to turn my brose
 To 'turtle,' still I once aspired
 (Oh! do not this for sin impute
 To callow youth—all young folks do 't
 To be a Poet! Nature fired,
 Methought, the furnace of my heart;
 Its stokehold glowed with conscious art;
 Its steam-gauge marked poetic force
 In latent power of countless horse;
 But, somehow, Nature did not fit
 Proportioned gear for using it;
 Some valve was choked; alas, I found
 Too oft the wheels would not go round!
 And so I've missed the crown of bay
 That else were surely mine to-day,
 Nor mine 's a dwelling on Parnassus
 Gracing a tenth-edition peak:—
 Unmarked among the middle classes
 A modest Surrey home I seek.

Pass, strenuous heights where we divine
 The presence of the inspiring Nine!
 Pass: turn to this, this shadowy sign
 Prefiguring worlds as blue as these—
 Blue clay, Blue Mountains, blue gum-trees:
 Not Attic wit, but Austral wealth,
 Expansion, democratic health,
 And streams that tempt a fiercer thirst
 Than draughts from tinct of matter free,
 Where art is last, and gold is first,
 Pactolus and not Castaly.

Sixty years since 'twas no great town
 'Twixt bush and beach came nestling down,
 And, for the wool that filled her sheds,
 Watched the scant shipping pass the 'Heads.'
 Sixty years since, his heart aflame
 For ventures new, my grandsire came,
 Since, high or low by fortune tossed,
 His hopes remained, whate'er was lost.

He was a rover, quick to try
 And quick to leave, if luck seemed shy;
 With ardent, speculative glance
 In Mathematics as Finance;
 Warm, generous, easy, too oft known
 For all men's friend except his own.
 He one time with his partner held
 A strip of seaside land; it spelled
 Millions, should once the infant town
 Outgrow its cradle. Now, to crown
 A sovran city, it is set
 With traffic's gleaming coronet
 Of wharf and warehouse, jetty, dock,
 And Custom House and business block,
 And round the Heads rich argosies,
 An endless fleet, crowd to the quays.

To wait was long; he spied elsewhere
 Some speedier gain and sold his share,
 Impatient, ere its hour had struck,
 To be beforehand with his luck.

Had but his patience matched his zeal,
Content to wait on Fortune's wheel,
Had his chief study been to see
His duty to posterity,
I might have been tenfold his heir,
Colonial Magnate, millionaire,
Perhaps a Premier and a Knight
(The title stays when place takes flight),
Somewhat, at least, a politician,
Though most, I fear, in opposition,
Coquetting with the Labour vote
To keep the Marxite from my throat,
And locally, with harmless swagger,
Known as King Dick of Wagga Wagga.

Pass! On the path I follow next
Problems perhaps are less perplexed.
There's comfort in the thought that Sydney
Best suits men of another kidney.

This sign shows forth with gracious hand
A city in a mellow land,
City of dreams and haunted spires
And ancient thought whose generous fires
Glow through the problems of to-day :—
My city once in the glad May
Of budding minds that feel the sun
And sap through inmost fibres run.

What promptings of enthusiasm
Then spurred me as I faced the chasm
That fronts a youngster, right ahead,
Betwixt a First and daily bread :
To guide the State, to lead research,
To ply the pen, the tongue, the birch,
In Fleet Street find life's roving call,
Or chartered safety in Whitehall,
Or watch beyond the uncrossed Bar
The Woolsack for a guiding star,
Or if not these, at least begin
Where the Schools end : essay to win
A Fellowship, that prop sublime
For conscious worth and feet that climb.

Had not a whisper indiscreet
Turned from this path submissive feet,
I might have worn a Doctor's gown
In the grey streets of Oxford town,
And with these outward pomps put on
The shining nature of the don,
And ah ! by this I might have been
Perhaps a Head, at least a Dean,
(A Dean, that is, without the gaiters,
And though not ' Very Reverend,' still
The wielder of the College will,
Awful to youthful dissipators,
And in his high, didactic sphere
Mental and moral Grand Vizier).

Pass, vain dreams, pass ; my well-trod ways
Are less romantic, yet I praise
The present ; modest though it be
'Tis portioned with felicity.
And though dream-worlds may seem the best—
In dreams—I know and choose the rest,
And leave untried, untouched, unseen,
The marvels of the Might-have-been.

LEONARD HUXLEY.

*THE BROKEN ROAD.*¹

BY A. E. W. MASON, M.P.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE DAUPHINÉ.

THE day broke tardily among the mountains of Dauphiné. At half-past three on a morning of early August light should be already stealing through the little window and the chinks into the hut upon the Meije. But the four men who lay wrapped in blankets on the long broad shelf still slept in darkness. And when the darkness was broken it was by the sudden spirt of a match. The tiny blue flame spluttered for a few seconds and then burned bright and yellow. It lit up the face of a man bending over the dial of a watch and above him and about him the wooden rafters and walls came dimly into view. The face was stout and burned by the sun to the colour of a ripe apple, and in spite of a black heavy moustache had a merry and good-humoured look. Little gold earrings twinkled in his ears by the light of the match. Annoyance clouded his face as he remarked the time.

‘Verdammt! Verdammt!’ he muttered.

The match burned out, and for a while he listened to the wind wailing about the hut, plucking at the door and the shutters of the window. He climbed down from the shelf with a rustle of straw, walked lightly for a moment or two about the hut, and then pulled open the door quickly. As quickly he shut it again.

From the shelf Linforth spoke:

‘It is bad, Emile?’

‘It is impossible,’ replied Emile in English with a strong German accent. For the last three years he and his brother had acted as guides to the same two men who were now in the Meije hut. ‘We are a strong party, but it is impossible. Before I could walk a yard from the door, I would have to lead a lantern. And it is after four o’clock! The water is frozen in the pail, and I have known that before in August.’

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'Very well,' said Linforth, turning over in his blankets. It was warm among the blankets and the straw, and he spoke with contentment. Later in the day he might rail against the weather. But for the moment he was very clear that there were worse things in the world than to lie snug and hear the wind tearing about the cliffs and know that there was no chance of facing it.

'We will not go back to La Bérarde,' he said. 'The storm may clear. We will wait in the hut until to-morrow.'

And from a third figure on the shelf there came in guttural English :

'Yes, yes. Of course.'

The fourth man had not wakened from his sleep, and it was not until he was shaken by the shoulder at ten o'clock in the morning that he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

The fourth man was Shere Ali.

'Get up and come outside,' said Linforth.

Ten years had passed since Shere Ali had taken his long walk from Kohara up the valley in the drawing-room of his house-master at Eton. And those ten years had had their due effect. He betrayed his race nowadays by little more than his colour, a certain high-pitched intonation of his voice and an extraordinary skill in the game of polo. There had been a time of revolt against discipline, of inability to understand the points of view of his masters and their companions, and of difficulty to discover much sense in their institutions.

It is to be remembered that he came from the hill-country, not from the plains of India. That honour was a principle, not a matter of circumstance, and that treachery was in itself disgraceful, whether it was profitable or not—here were hard sayings for a native of Chiltistan. He could look back upon the day when he had thought a public-house with a great gilt sign or the picture of an animal over the door a temple for some particular sect of worshippers.

'And, indeed, you are far from wrong,' his tutor had replied to him. 'But since we do not worship at that fiery shrine those holy places are forbidden us.'

Gradually, however, his own character was overlaid; he was quick to learn, and in games quick to excel. He made friends amongst his schoolmates, he carried with him to Oxford the charm of manner which is Eton's particular gift, and from Oxford he passed to London. He was rich, he was liked, and he found a ready welcome,

which did not spoil him. Luffe would undoubtedly have classed him amongst the best of the native Princes who go to England for their training, and on that very account, would have feared the more for his future. Shere Ali was now just twenty-four, he was tall, spare of body and wonderfully supple of limbs, and but for a fulness of the lower lip, which was characteristic of his family, would have been reckoned more than usually handsome.

He came out of the door of the hut and stood by the side of Linforth. They looked up towards the Meije, but little of that majestic mass of rock was visible. The clouds hung low; the glacier below them upon their left had a dull and unilluminated look, and over the top of the Brèche de la Meije, the pass to the left of their mountain, the snow whirled up from the further side like smoke. The hut is built upon a great spur of the mountain which runs down into the desolate valley des Étançons, and at its upper end melts into the great precipitous rock-wall which forms one of the main difficulties of the ascent. Against this wall the clouds were massed. Snow lay where yesterday the rocks had shone grey and ruddy brown in the sunlight, and against the great wall here and there icicles were hung.

‘It looks unpromising,’ said Linforth. ‘But Emile says that the mountain is in good condition. To-morrow it may be possible. It is worth while waiting. We shall get down to La Grave to-morrow instead of to-day. That is all.’

‘Yes. It will make no difference to our plans,’ said Shere Ali; and so far as their immediate plans were concerned Shere Ali was right. But these two men had other and wider plans which embraced not a summer’s holiday but a lifetime, plans which they jealously kept secret; and these plans, as it happened, the delay of a day in the hut upon the Meije was deeply to affect.

They turned back into the room and breakfasted. Then Linforth lit his pipe and once more curled himself up in his rug upon the straw. Shere Ali followed his example. And it was of the wider plans that they at once began to talk.

‘But heaven only knows when I shall get out to India,’ cried Linforth after a while. ‘There am I at Chatham and not a chance, so far as I can see, of getting away. You will go back first.’

It was significant that Linforth, who had never been in India, none the less spoke habitually of going back to it, as though that country in truth was his native soil.

Shere Ali shook his head.

'I shall wait for you,' he said. 'You will come out there.' He raised himself upon his elbow and glanced at his friend's face. Linforth had retained the delicacy of feature, the fineness of outline which ten years before had called forth the admiration of Colonel Dewes. But the ten years had also added a look of quiet strength. A man can hardly live with a definite purpose very near to his heart without gaining his reward from the labour of his thoughts. Though he speak never so little, people will be aware of him as they are not aware of the loudest chatterer in the room. Thus it was with Linforth. He talked with no greater wit than his companions, he made no greater display of ability, he never outshone, and yet some men were conscious of a force underlying his quietude of manner. Those men were the old and the experienced; the unobservant overlooked him altogether.

'Yes,' said Shere Ali, 'since you want to come you will come.'

'I shall try to come,' said Linforth, simply. 'We belong to the Road,' and for a little while he lay silent. Then in a low voice he spoke, quoting from that page which was as a picture in his thoughts.

'Over the passes! Over the snow passes to the foot of the Hindu Kush!'

'Then and then only India will be safe,' the young Prince of Chiltistan added, speaking solemnly, so that the words seemed a kind of ritual.

And to both they were no less. Long before, when Shere Ali was first brought into his room, on his first day at Eton, Linforth had seen his opportunity, and seized it. In one respect Luffe's forecast had been wrong. The Maharajah of Chiltistan was not removed and pensioned off by the Indian Government. He retained his kingdom with an English Resident at his elbow. Shere Ali would in due time succeed. Linforth had quietly put forth his powers to make Shere Ali his friend, to force him to see with his eyes, and believe what he believed. And Shere Ali had been easily persuaded. Here was one of the faiths which he shared with the white men. He was very proud of it, just for that reason.

'We shall be very glad of these expeditions, some day, in Chiltistan,' said Linforth.

Shere Ali stared.

'It was for that reason ——?' he asked.

‘Yes.’

Shere Ali was silent for a while. Then he said, and with some regret :

‘There is a great difference between us. You can wait and wait. I want everything done within the year.’

Linforth laughed. He knew very well the impulsiveness of his friend.

‘If a few miles, or even a few furlongs, stand to my credit at the end, I shall not think that I have failed.’

They were both young, and they talked with the bright and simple faith in their ideals which is the great gift of youth. An older man might have laughed if he had heard, but had there been an older man in the hut to overhear them, he would have heard nothing. They were alone, save for their guides, and the single purpose for which—as they then thought—their lives were to be lived out made that long day short as a summer’s night.

‘The Government will thank us when the work is done,’ said Shere Ali enthusiastically.

‘The Government will be in no hurry to let us begin,’ replied Linforth drily. ‘There is a Resident at your father’s court. Your father is willing, and yet there’s not a coolie on the road.’

‘Yes, but you will get your way,’ and again confidence rang in the voice of the Chilti prince.

‘It will not be I,’ answered Linforth. ‘It will be the Road. The power of the Road is beyond the power of any Government.’

‘Yes, I remember and I understand.’ Shere Ali lit his pipe and lay back among the straw. ‘At first I did not understand what the words meant. Now I know. The power of the Road is great, because it inspires men to strive for its completion.’

‘Or its mastery,’ said Linforth slowly. ‘Perhaps one day on the other side of the Hindu Kush, the Russians may covet it—and then the Road will go on to meet them.’

‘Something will happen,’ said Shere Ali. ‘At all events something will happen.’

The shadows of the evening found them still debating what complication might force the hand of those in authority. But always they came back to the Russians and a movement of troops in the Pamirs. Yet unknown to both of them the something else had already happened, though its consequences were not yet to be foreseen. A storm had delayed them for a day in a hut upon the Meije. They went out of the hut. The sky had cleared ; and

in the sunset the steep buttress of the Promontoire ran sharply up to the Great Wall ; above the wall the small square patch of ice sloped to the base of the Pic Oriental and from that pinnacle the long serrated ridge ran out to the right, rising and falling, to the Pic Central and the Doigt de Dieu.

There were some heavy icicles overhanging the Great Wall, and Linforth looked at them anxiously. There was also still a little snow upon the rocks.

'It will be possible,' said Emile, cheerily. 'To-morrow night we shall sleep in La Grave.'

'Yes, yes, of course,' said his brother Joseph.

They walked round the hut, looked for a little while down the stony valley des Étançons, with its one green patch up which they had toiled from La Bérarde the day before, and returned to watch the purple flush of the sunset die off the crags of the Meije. But the future they had planned was as a vision before their eyes, and even along the high cliffs of the Dauphiné the road they were to make seemed to wind and climb.

'It would be strange,' said Linforth, 'if old Andrew Linforth were still alive. Somewhere in your country, perhaps in Kohara, waiting for the thing he dreamed to come to pass. He would be an old man now, but he might still be alive.'

'I wonder,' said Shere Ali absently, and he suddenly turned to Linforth. 'Nothing must come between us,' he cried almost fiercely. 'Nothing to hinder what we shall do together.'

He was the more emotional of the two. The dreams to which they had given utterance had uplifted him.

'That's all right,' said Linforth, and he turned back into the hut. But he remembered afterwards that it was Shere Ali who had protested against the possibility of their association being broken.

They came out from the hut again at half-past three in the morning and looked up to a cloudless starlit sky which faded in the east to the colour of pearl. Above their heads some knobs of rock stood out upon the thin crest of the buttress above the sky. In the darkness underneath the knobs Emile was already ascending. The traverse of the Meije even for an experienced mountaineer is a long day's climb. They reached the summit of the Pic Oriental in six hours, descended into the Brèche Zsigmondi, climbed up the precipice on the further side of that gap, and reached the Pic Central by two o'clock in the afternoon. There they rested for

an hour, and looked far down to the village of La Grave among the cornfields of the valley. There was no reason for any hurry.

'We shall reach La Grave by eight,' said Emile, but he was wrong, as they soon discovered. A slope which should have been soft snow down which they could plunge was hard ice, in which a ladder of steps must be cut before the glacier could be reached. The glacier itself was crevassed so that many a *détour* was necessary, and occasionally a jump; and evening came upon them while they were on the *Rocher de l'Aigle*. It was quite dark when at last they reached the grass slopes, and the lights were already gleaming in the hotel at La Grave. To both men those grass slopes seemed interminable. The lights of La Grave seemed never to come nearer, never to grow larger. Little points of fire very far away—as they had been at first, so they remained. But for the slope of ground beneath his feet and the aching of his knees, Linforth could almost have believed that they were not descending at all. He struck a match and looked at his watch and saw that it was after nine; and a little later after they had come to water and taken their fill of it, that it was past ten, but now the low thunder of the river in the valley was louder in his ears, and then suddenly he saw that the lights of La Grave were bright and near at hand.

Linforth flung himself down upon the grass, and clasping his hands behind his head, gave himself up to the cool of the night and the stars overhead.

'I could sleep here,' he said. 'Why should we go down to La Grave to-night?'

'There is a dew falling. It will be cold when the morning breaks. And La Grave is very near. It is better to go,' said Emile.

The question was still in debate when above the roar of the river there came to their ears a faint throbbing sound from across the valley. It grew louder and suddenly two blinding lights flashed along the hill-side opposite.

'A motor-car,' said Shere Ali, and as he spoke the lights ceased to travel.

'It's stopping at the hotel,' said Linforth carelessly.

'No,' said Emile. 'It has not reached the hotel. Look, not by a hundred yards. It has broken down.'

Linforth discussed the point at length, not because he was at all interested at the moment in the movements of that or of any other motor-car, but because he wished to stay where he was.

Emile, however, was obdurate. It was his pride to get his patron indoors each night.

‘Let us go on,’ he said, and Linforth wearily rose to his feet.

‘We are making a big mistake,’ he grumbled, and he spoke with more truth than he was aware.

They reached the hotel at eleven, ordered their supper and bathed. It was half-past eleven before Linforth and Shere Ali entered the long dining-room, and they found another party already supping there. Linforth heard himself greeted by name, and turned in surprise. It was a party of four—two ladies and two men. One of the men had called to him, an elderly man with a bald forehead, a grizzled moustache, and a shrewd kindly face.

‘I remember you, though you can’t say as much of me,’ he said. ‘I came down to Chatham a year ago and dined at your mess as the guest of your Colonel.’

Linforth came forward with a smile of recognition.

‘I beg your pardon for not recognising you at once. I remember you, of course, quite well,’ he said.

‘Who am I then?’

‘Sir John Casson, late Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces,’ said Linforth promptly.

‘And now nothing but a bore at my club,’ replied Sir John cheerfully. ‘We were motoring through to Grenoble, but the car has broken down. You are mountain-climbing, I suppose. Phyllis,’ and he turned to the younger of the two ladies, ‘this is Mr. Linforth of the Royal Engineers. My daughter, Linforth!’ He introduced the second lady.

‘Mrs. Oliver,’ he said, and Linforth turning, saw that the eyes of Mrs. Oliver were already fixed upon him. He returned the look, and his eyes frankly showed her that he thought her beautiful.

‘And what are you going to do with yourself?’ said Sir John.

‘Go to the country from which you have just come, as soon as I can, sir,’ said Linforth with a smile. At this moment the fourth of the party, a stout, red-faced, plethoric gentleman, broke in.

‘India!’ he exclaimed indignantly. ‘Bless my soul, what on earth sends all you young fellows racing out to India? A great mistake! I once went to India myself—to shoot a tiger. I stayed there for months and never saw one. Not a tiger, sir!’

But Linforth was paying very little attention to the plethoric gentleman. Sir John introduced him as Colonel Fitzwarren, and Linforth bowed politely. Then he asked of Sir John:

'Your car was not seriously hurt, I suppose?'

'Keep us here two days,' said Sir John. 'The chauffeur will have to go on by diligence to-morrow to get a new sparking plug. Perhaps we shall see more of you in consequence.'

Linforth's eyes travelled back to Mrs. Oliver.

'We are in no hurry,' he said slowly. 'We shall rest here probably for a day or so. May I introduce my friend?'

He introduced him as the son of the Maharajah of Chiltistan, and Mrs. Oliver's eyes, which had been quietly resting upon Linforth's face, turned toward Shere Ali, and as quietly rested upon his.

'Then, perhaps, you can tell me, sir,' said Colonel Fitzwarren, 'how it was I never saw a tiger in India, though I stayed there four months. A most disappointing country, I call it.'

The Colonel's own idea of the Indian Peninsula was a huge tiger waiting somewhere in a jungle to be shot.

But Shere Ali was not paying much attention to the Colonel's disparagements.

'Will you join us at supper?' said Sir John, and both young men replied at once. 'We shall be very pleased.'

Sir John Casson smiled. He could never quite be sure whether it was or was not to Mrs. Oliver's credit that her beauty made so powerful an appeal to the chivalry of young men. 'All young men want immediately to protect her,' he was wont to say, 'and their trouble is that they can't find anyone to protect her from.'

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

'So you go to parties nowadays,' said Mrs. Linforth, and Sir John Casson, leaning his back against the wall of the ball-room, puzzled his brains for the name of the lady with the pleasant winning face to whom he had just been introduced. At first it had seemed to him merely that her hearing was better than his. The 'nowadays,' however, showed that it was her memory which had the advantage. They were apparently old acquaintances; and Sir John belonged to an old-fashioned school which thought it discourtesy to forget even the least memorable of his acquaintances.

'You were not so easily persuaded to decorate a ball-room at Mussoorie,' Mrs. Linforth continued.

Sir John smiled, and there was a little bitterness in the smile.

'Ah!' he said, and there was a hint, too, of bitterness in his voice. 'I was wanted to decorate ball-rooms then. So I didn't go. Now I am not wanted. So I do.'

'That's not the true explanation,' Mrs. Linforth said gently, and she shook her head. She spoke so gently and with so clear a note of sympathy and comprehension that Sir John was at more pains than ever to discover who she was. To hardly anyone would it naturally have occurred that Sir John Casson, with a tail of letters to his name, and a handsome pension, enjoyed at an age when his faculties were alert and his bodily strength not yet diminished, could stand in need of sympathy. But that precisely was the fact, as the woman at his side understood. A great ruler yesterday, with a council and an organised Government, subordinated to his leadership, he now merely lived at Camberley, and as he had confessed, was a bore at his club. And life at Camberley was dull.

He looked closely at Mrs. Linforth. She was a woman of forty, or perhaps a year or two more. On the other hand, she might be a year or two less. She had the figure of a young woman, and though her dark hair was flecked with grey, he knew that was not to be accounted as a sign of either age or trouble. Yet she looked as if trouble had been no stranger to her. There were little lines about the eyes which told their tale to a shrewd observer, though the face smiled never so pleasantly. In what summer, he wondered, had she come up to the hill station of Mussoorie.

'No,' he said. 'I did not give you the real explanation. Now I will.'

He nodded towards a girl who was at that moment crossing the ball-room towards the door, upon the arm of a young man.

'That's the explanation.'

Mrs. Linforth looked at the girl and smiled.

'The explanation seems to be enjoying itself,' she said. 'Yours?'

'Mine,' replied Sir John with evident pride.

'She is very pretty,' said Mrs. Linforth, and the sincerity of her admiration made the father glow with satisfaction. Phyllis Casson was a girl of eighteen, with the fresh looks and the clear eyes of her years. A bright colour graced her cheeks, where, when she laughed, the dimples played, and the white dress she wore was matched by the whiteness of her throat. She was talking gaily with the youth on whose arm her hand lightly rested.

'Who is he?' asked Mrs. Linforth.

Sir John raised his shoulders.

'I am not concerned,' he replied. 'The explanation is amusing itself, as it ought to do, being only eighteen. The explanation wants everyone to love her at the present moment. When she wants only one, then it will be time for me to begin to get flurried.' He turned abruptly to his companion. 'I would like you to know her.'

'Thank you,' said Mrs. Linforth, as she bowed to an acquaintance.

'Would you like to dance?' asked Sir John. 'If so, I'll stand aside.'

'No. I came here to look on,' she explained. 'Lady Marfield,' and she nodded towards their hostess, 'is my cousin, and—well, I don't want to grow rusty. You see I have an explanation too—oh, not here! He's at Chatham, and it's as well to keep up with the world——' She broke off abruptly, and with a perceptible start of surprise. She was looking towards the door. Casson followed the direction of her eyes, and saw young Linforth in the doorway.

At last he remembered. There had been one hot weather, years ago, when this boy's father and his newly-married wife had come up to the hill-station of Mussoorie. He remembered that Linforth had sent his wife back to England, when he went North into Chiltistan on that work from which he was never to return. It was the wife who was now at his side.

'I thought you said he was at Chatham,' said Sir John, as Dick Linforth advanced into the room.

'So I believed he was. He must have changed his mind at the last moment.' Then she looked with a little surprise at her companion. 'You know him?'

'Yes,' said Sir John, 'I will tell you how it happened. I was dining eighteen months ago at the Sappers' mess at Chatham. And that boy's face came out of the crowd and took my eyes and my imagination too. You know, perhaps, how that happens at times. There seems to be no particular reason why it should happen at the moment. Afterwards you realise that there was very good reason. A great career, perhaps, perhaps only some one signal act, an act typical of a whole unknown life, leaps to light and justifies the claim the young face made upon your sympathy. Anyhow, I noticed young Linforth. It was not his good looks

which attracted me. There was something else. I made inquiries. The Colonel was not a very observant man. Linforth was one of the subalterns—a good bat and a good change bowler. That was all. Only I happened to look round the walls of the Sappers' mess. There are portraits hung there of famous members of that mess who were thought of no particular account when they were subalterns at Chatham. There's one alive to-day. Another died at Khartoum.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Linforth.

'Well, I made the acquaintance of your son that night,' said Sir John.

Mrs. Linforth stood for a moment silent, her face for the moment quite beautiful. Then she broke into a laugh.

'I am glad I scratched your back first,' she said. 'And as for the cricket, it's quite true. I taught him to keep a straight bat myself.'

Meanwhile, Dick Linforth was walking across the floor of the ball-room, quite unconscious of the two who talked of him. He was not, indeed, looking about him at all. It seemed to both his mother and Sir John, as they watched him steadily moving in and out amongst the throng—for it was the height of the season, and Lady Marfield's big drawing-room in Chesterfield Gardens was crowded—that he was making his way to a definite spot, as though just at this moment he had a definite appointment.

'He changed his mind at the last moment,' said Sir John with a laugh, which gave to him the look of a boy. 'Let us see who it is that has brought him up from Chatham to London at the last moment!'

'Would it be fair?' asked Mrs. Linforth reluctantly. She was, indeed, no less curious upon the point than her companion, and while she asked the question, her eyes followed her son's movements. He was tall, and though he moved quickly and easily, it was possible to keep him in view.

A gap in the crowd opened before them, making a lane—and at the end of the lane they saw Linforth approach a lady and receive the welcome of her smile. For a moment the gap remained open, and then the bright frocks and black coats swept across the space. But both had seen, and Mrs. Linforth, in addition, was aware of a barely perceptible start made by Sir John at her side.

She looked at him sharply. His face had grown grave.

'You know her?' asked Mrs. Linforth. There was anxiety in her voice. There was also a note of jealousy.

'Yes.'

'Who is she?'

'Mrs. Oliver. Violet Oliver.'

'Married!'

'A widow. I introduced her to your son at La Grave in the Dauphiné country last summer. Our motor-car had broken down. We all stayed for a couple of days together in the same hotel. Mrs. Oliver is a friend of my daughter's. Phyllis admires her very much, and in most instances I am prepared to trust Phyllis's instincts.'

'But not in this instance,' said Mrs. Linforth quietly. She had been quick to note a very slight embarrassment in Sir John Casson's manner.

'I don't say that,' he replied quickly—a little too quickly.

'Will you find me a chair?' said Mrs. Linforth, looking about her. 'There are two over here.' She led the way to the chairs which were placed in a nook of the room not very far from the door by which Linforth had entered. She took her seat, and when Sir John had seated himself beside her, she said:

'Please tell me what you know of her.'

Sir John spread out his hands in protest.

'Certainly, I will. But there is nothing to her discredit, so far as I know, Mrs. Linforth—nothing at all. Beyond that she is beautiful—really beautiful, as few women are. That, no doubt, will be looked upon as a crime by many, though you and I will not be of that number.'

Sybil Linforth maintained a determined silence—not for anything would she admit, even to herself, that Violet Oliver was beautiful.

'You are telling me nothing,' she said.

'There is so little to tell,' replied Sir John. 'Violet Oliver comes of a family which is known, though it is not rich. She studied music with a view to making her living as a singer. For she has a very sweet voice, though its want of power forbade grand opera. Her studies were interrupted by the appearance of a cavalry captain, who made love to her. She liked it, whereas she did not like studying music. Very naturally she married the cavalry officer. Captain Oliver took her with him abroad, and, I believe, brought her to India. At all events she knows something of India, and has friends there. Captain Oliver was killed in a hill cam-

paign two years ago. Mrs. Oliver is now twenty-three years old. That is all.'

Mrs. Linforth, however, was not satisfied.

'Was Captain Oliver rich?' she asked.

'Not that I know of,' said Sir John. 'His widow lives in a little house at the wrong end of Curzon Street.'

'But she is wearing to-night very beautiful pearls,' said Sybil Linforth quietly.

Sir John Casson moved suddenly in his chair. Moreover, Sybil Linforth's eyes were at that moment resting with a quiet scrutiny upon his face.

'It was difficult to see exactly what she was wearing,' he said. 'The gap in the crowd filled up so quickly.'

'There was time enough for any woman,' said Mrs. Linforth with a smile. 'And more than time enough for any mother.'

'Mrs. Oliver is always, I believe, exquisitely dressed,' said Sir John with an assumption of carelessness. 'I am not much of a judge myself.'

But his carelessness did not deceive his companion. Sybil Linforth was certain, absolutely certain, that the cause of the constraint and embarrassment which had been audible in Sir John's voice, and noticeable in his very manner, was that double string of big pearls of perfect colour which adorned Violet Oliver's white throat.

She looked Sir John straight in the face.

'Would you introduce Dick to Mrs. Oliver now, if you had not done it before?' she asked.

'My dear lady,' protested Sir John, 'if I met Dick at a little hotel in the Dauphiné, and did not introduce him to the ladies who were travelling with me, it would surely reflect upon Dick, not upon the ladies;' and with that subtle evasion Sir John escaped from the fire of questions. He turned the conversation into another channel, pluming himself upon his cleverness. But he forgot that the subtlest evasions of the male mind are clumsy and obvious to a woman, especially if the woman be on the alert. Sybil Linforth did not think Sir John had showed any cleverness whatever. She let him turn the conversation, because she knew what she had set out to know. That string of pearls had made the difference between Sir John's estimate of Violet Oliver last year and his estimate of her this season.

CHAPTER IX.

LUFFE IS REMEMBERED.

VIOLET OLIVER took a quick step forward when she caught sight of Linforth's tall and well-knit figure coming towards her ; and the smile with which she welcomed him was a warm smile of genuine pleasure. There were people who called Violet Oliver affected—chiefly ladies. But Phyllis Casson was not one of them.

'There is no one more natural in the room,' she was in the habit of stoutly declaring when she heard the gossips at work, and we know, on her father's authority, that Phyllis Casson's judgments were in most instances to be respected. Certainly it was not Violet Oliver's fault that her face in repose took on a wistful and pathetic look, and that her dark quiet eyes, even when her thoughts were absent—and her thoughts were often absent—rested pensively upon you with an unconscious flattery. It appeared that she was pondering deeply who and what you were ; whereas she was probably debating whether she should or should not powder her nose before she went in to supper. Nor was she to blame because at the approach of a friend that sweet and thoughtful face would twinkle suddenly into mischief and amusement. 'She is as God made her,' Phyllis Casson protested, 'and he made her beautiful.'

It will be recognised, therefore, that there was truth in Sir John's observation that young men wanted to protect her. But the bald statement is not sufficient. Whether that quick transition from pensiveness to a dancing gaiety was the cause, or whether it only helped her beauty, this is certain. Young men went down before her like ninepins in a bowling alley. There was something singularly virginal about her. She had, too, quite naturally an affectionate manner which it was difficult to resist ; and above all she made no effort ever. What she said and what she did seemed always purely spontaneous. For the rest, she was a little over the general height of women, and even looked a little taller. For she was very fragile, and dainty, like an exquisite piece of china. Her head was small, and, poised as it was upon a slender throat, looked almost overweighted by the wealth of her dark hair. Her features were finely chiselled from the nose to the oval of her chin, and the red bow of her lips ; and, with all her fragility, a delicate colour in her cheeks spoke of health.

'You have come!' she said.

Linforth took her little white-gloved hand in his.

'You knew I should,' he answered.

'Yes, I knew that. But I didn't know that I should have to wait,' she replied reproachfully. 'I was here, in this corner at the moment.'

'I couldn't catch an earlier train. I only got your telegram saying you would be at the dance late in the afternoon. But it was kind of you to send the telegram at all.'

'I did not know that I should be coming until this morning,' she said.

'Then it was very kind of you to send the telegram at all.'

'Yes, it was,' said Violet Oliver simply, and Linforth laughed.

'Shall we dance?' he asked.

Mrs. Oliver nodded.

'Round the room as far as the door. I am hungry. We will go downstairs and have supper.'

Linforth could have wished for nothing better. But the moment that his arm was about her waist and they had started for the door, Violet Oliver realised that her partner was the lightest dancer in the room. She herself loved dancing, and for once in a way to be steered in and out amongst the couples without a bump or even a single entanglement of her satin train was a pleasure not to be forgone. She gave herself up to it.

'Let us go on,' she said. 'I did not know. You see, we have never danced together before. I had not thought of you in that way.'

She ceased to speak, being content to dance. Linforth for his part was content to watch her, to hold her as something very precious, and to evoke a smile upon her lips when her eyes met his. 'I had not thought of you in that way!' she had said. Did not that mean that she had at all events been thinking of him in some way? And with that flattery still sweet in his thoughts, he was aware that her feet suddenly faltered. He looked at her face. It had changed. Yet so swiftly did it recover its composure that Linforth had not even the time to understand what the change implied. Annoyance, surprise, fear! One of these feelings, certainly, or perhaps a trifle of each. Linforth could not make sure. There had been a flash of some sudden emotion. That at all events was certain. But in guessing fear, he argued, his wits must surely

have gone far astray ; though fear was the first guess which he had made.

‘What was the matter?’

Violet Oliver answered readily.

‘A big man was jiggling down upon us. I saw him over your shoulder. I dislike being bumped by big men,’ she said, with a little easy laugh. ‘And still more I hate having a new frock torn.’

Dick Linforth was content with the answer. But it happened that Sybil Linforth was looking on from her chair in the corner, and the corner was very close to the spot where for a moment Violet Oliver had lost countenance. She looked sharply at Sir John Casson, who might have noticed or might not. His face betrayed nothing whatever. He went on talking placidly, but Mrs. Linforth ceased to listen to him.

Violet Oliver waltzed with her partner once more round the room. Then she said :

‘Let us stop!’ and in almost the same breath she added, ‘Oh, there’s your friend.’

Linforth turned and saw standing just within the doorway his friend Shere Ali.

‘You could hardly tell that he was not English,’ she went on ; and indeed, with his straight features, his supple figure, and a colour no darker than many a sunburnt Englishman wears every August, Shere Ali might have passed unnoticed by a stranger. It seemed that he had been watching for the couple to stop dancing. For no sooner had they stopped than he advanced quickly towards them.

Linforth, however, had not as yet noticed him.

‘It can’t be he,’ he said. ‘He is in the country. I heard from him only to-day.’

‘Yet it is he,’ said Mrs. Oliver, and then Linforth saw him.

‘Hallo!’ he said softly to himself, and as Shere Ali joined them he added aloud ‘Something has happened.’

‘Yes, I have news,’ said Shere Ali. But he was looking at Mrs. Oliver, and spoke as though the news had been pushed for a moment into the back of his mind.

‘What is it?’ asked Linforth.

Shere Ali turned to Linforth.

‘I go back to Chiltistan.’

‘When?’ asked Linforth, and a note of envy was audible in his

voice. Mrs. Oliver heard it and understood it. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

‘By the first boat to Bombay.’

‘In a week’s time, then?’ said Mrs. Oliver, quickly.

Shere Ali glanced swiftly at her, seeking the meaning of that question. Did regret prompt it? Or, on the other hand, was she glad?

‘Yes, in a week’s time,’ he replied slowly.

‘Why?’ asked Linforth. ‘Is there trouble in Chiltistan?’ He spoke regretfully. It would be hard luck if that uneasy State were to wake again into turmoil while he was kept kicking his heels at Chatham.

‘Yes, there is trouble,’ Shere Ali replied. ‘But it is not the kind of trouble which will help you forward with the Road.’

The trouble, indeed, was of quite another kind. The Russians were not stirring behind the Hindu Kush or on the Pamirs. The turbulent people of Chiltistan were making trouble, and profit out of the trouble, it is true. That they would be sure to do somewhere, and, moreover, they would do it with a sense of humour more common upon the Frontier than in the Provinces of India. But they were not at the moment making trouble in their own country. They were heard of in Masulipatam and other cities of Madras, where they were badly wanted by the police and not often caught. The quarrel in Chiltistan lay between the British Raj, as represented by the Resident, and the Maharajah, who was spending the revenue of his State chiefly upon his own amusements. It was claimed that the Resident should henceforth supervise the disposition of the revenue, and it had been suggested to the Maharajah that unless he consented to the proposal he would have to retire into private life in some other quarter of the Indian Peninsula. To give to the suggestion the necessary persuasive power, the young Prince was to be brought back at once, so that he might be ready at a moment’s notice to succeed. This reason, however, was not given to Shere Ali. He was merely informed by the Indian Government that he must return to his country at once.

Shere Ali stood before Mrs. Oliver.

‘You will give me a dance?’ he said.

‘After supper,’ she replied, and she laid her hand within Linforth’s arm. But Shere Ali did not give way.

‘Where shall I find you?’ he asked.

‘By the door, here.’

And upon that Shere Ali's voice changed to one of appeal. There came a note of longing into his voice. He looked at Violet Oliver with burning eyes. He seemed unaware Linforth was standing by.

'You will not fail me?' he said; and Linforth moved impatiently.

'No. I shall be there,' said Violet Oliver, and she spoke hurriedly and moved by through the doorway. Beneath her eyelids she stole a glance at her companion. His face was clouded. The scene which he had witnessed had jarred upon him, and still jarred. When he spoke to her his voice had a sternness which Violet Oliver had not heard before. But she had always been aware that it might be heard, if at any time he disapproved.

'"Your friend," you called him, speaking to me,' he said. 'It seems that he is your friend too.'

'He was with you at La Grave. I met him there.'

'He comes to your house?'

'He has called once or twice,' said Mrs. Oliver submissively. It was by no wish of hers that Shere Ali had appeared at this dance. She had, on the contrary, been at some pains to assure herself that he would not be there. And while she answered Linforth she was turning over in her mind a difficulty which had freshly arisen. Shere Ali was returning to India. In some respects that was awkward. But Linforth's ill-humour promised her a way of escape. He was rather silent during the earlier part of their supper. They had a little table to themselves, and while she talked, and talked with now and then an anxious glance at Linforth, he was content to listen or to answer shortly. Finally she said:

'I suppose you will not see your friend again before he starts?'

'Yes, I shall,' replied Linforth, and the frown gathered afresh upon his forehead. 'He dines to-morrow night with me at Chatham.'

'Then I want to ask you something,' she continued. 'I want you not to mention to him that I am paying a visit to India in the cold weather.'

Linforth's face cleared in an instant.

'I am glad that you have made that request,' he said frankly. 'I have no right to say it, perhaps. But I think you are wise.'

'Things are possible here,' she agreed, 'which are impossible there.'

'Friendship, for instance.'

'Some friendships,' said Mrs. Oliver; and the rest of their

supper they ate cheerily enough. Violet Oliver was genuinely interested in her partner. She was not very familiar with the large view and the definite purpose. Those who gathered within her tiny drawing-room, who sought her out at balls and parties, were, as a rule, the younger men of the day, and Linforth, though like them in age and like them, too, in his capacity for enjoyment, was different in most other ways. For the large view and the definite purpose coloured all his life, and, though he spoke little of either, set him apart.

Mrs. Oliver did not cultivate many illusions about herself. She saw very clearly what manner of men they were to whom her beauty made its chief appeal—clean-minded youths for the most part not remarkable for brains—and she was sincerely proud that Linforth sought her out no less than they did. She could imagine herself afraid of Linforth, and that fancy gave her a little thrill of pleasure. She understood that he could easily be lost altogether, that if once he went away he would not return; and that knowledge made her careful not to lose him. Moreover, she had brains herself. She led him on that evening, and he spoke with greater freedom than he had used with her before—greater freedom, she hoped, than he had used with anyone. The lighted supper-room grew dim before his eyes, the noise and the laughter and the passing figures of the other guests ceased to be noticed. He talked in a low voice, and with his keen face pushed a trifle forward as though, while he spoke, he listened. He was listening to the call of the Road.

He stopped abruptly and looked anxiously at Violet.

‘Have I bored you?’ he asked. ‘Generally I watch you,’ he added with a smile, ‘lest I should bore you. To-night I haven’t watched.’

‘For that reason I have been interested to-night more than I ever have before.’

She gathered up her fan with a little sigh. ‘I must go upstairs again,’ she said, and she rose from her chair. ‘I am sorry. But I have promised dances.’

‘I will take you up. Then I shall go.’

‘You will dance no more?’

‘No,’ he said with a smile. ‘I’ll not spoil a perfect evening.’ Violet Oliver was not given to tricks or any play of the eyelids. She looked at him directly, and she said simply ‘Thank you.’

He took her up to the landing, and came down stairs again for

his hat and coat. But, as he passed with them along the passage door he turned, and looking up the stairs, saw Violet Oliver watching him. She waved her hand lightly and smiled. As the door closed behind him she returned to the ball-room. Linforth went away with no suspicion in his mind that she had stayed her feet upon the landing merely to make very sure that he went. He had left his mother behind, however, and she was all suspicion. She had remarked the little scene when Shere Ali had unexpectedly appeared. She had noticed the embarrassment of Violet Oliver and the anger of Shere Ali. It was possible that Sir John Casson had also not been blind to it. For, a little time afterwards, he nodded towards Shere Ali.

‘Do you know that boy?’ he asked.

‘Yes. He is Dick’s great friend. They have much in common. His father was my husband’s friend.’

‘And both believed in the new Road, I know,’ said Sir John. He pulled at his grey moustache thoughtfully, and asked: ‘Have the sons the Road in common, too?’ A shadow darkened Sybil Linforth’s face. She sat silent for some seconds, and when she answered, it was with a great reluctance.

‘I believe so,’ she said in a low voice, and she shivered. She turned her face towards Casson. It was troubled, fear-stricken, and in that assembly of laughing and light-hearted people it roused him with a shock. ‘I wish, with all my heart, that they had not,’ she added, and her voice shook and trembled as she spoke.

The terrible story of Linforth’s end, long since dim in Sir John Casson’s recollections, came back in vivid detail. He said no more upon that point. He took Mrs. Linforth down to supper, and bringing her back again, led her round the ball-room. An open archway upon one side led into a conservatory, where only fairy lights glowed amongst the plants and flowers. As the couple passed this archway, Sir John looked in. They walked a few yards further, and then he said:

‘Was it pale blue that Violet Oliver was wearing? I am not clever at noticing these things.’

‘Yes, pale blue and—pearls,’ said Sybil Linforth.

‘There is no need that we should walk any further. Here are two chairs,’ said Sir John. There was in truth no need. He had ascertained something about which, in spite of his outward placidity, he had been very curious.

‘Did you ever hear of a man named Luffe?’ he asked.

Sybil Linforth started. It had been Luffe whose continual arguments, entreaties, threats, and persuasions had caused the Road long ago to be carried forward. But she answered quietly, 'Yes.'

'Of course you and I remember him,' said Sir John. 'But how many others? That's the penalty of Indian service. You are soon forgotten, in India as quickly as here. In most cases, no doubt, it doesn't matter. Men just as good and younger stand waiting at the milestones to carry on the torch. But in some cases I think it's a pity.'

'In Mr. Luffe's case?' asked Sybil Linforth.

'Particularly in Luffe's case,' said Sir John.

(To be continued.)

